

CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



THE
JOSEPH WHITMORE BARRY
DRAMATIC LIBRARY

THE GIFT OF
TWO FRIENDS
OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY

1934

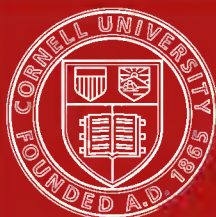
Cornell University Library
PN 6120.C6M87

College comedies.



3 1924 027 216 898

olin



Cornell University
Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

<http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924027216898>

COLLEGE COMEDIES

BY

EDWIN BATEMAN MORRIS

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN NEXT DOOR"

"IN THE LINE OF DUTY" &c.



THE PENN PUBLISHING
COMPANY PHILADELPHIA

1911

COPYRIGHT
1911 BY
THE PENN
PUBLISHING
COMPANY



4634

College Comedies

Contents

THE FRESHMAN

THE SOPHOMORE

THE JUNIOR

THE SENIOR

Prologue

There are said to be five hundred universities in the United States. Of these four hundred and ninety-nine are so unworthy—so deficient in spirit, culture, learning, professors, reputation and results, as to be beneath the consideration of every fair-minded man. In shining distinction stands out one brilliant exception, which may be said in unshaken faith to be the greatest university in the world. That university is the one you yourself happen to have attended.

That is what you thought when an undergraduate. That is what you will continue to think until perhaps the breadth of mind and liberality that comes with your eightieth or ninetieth year may induce you to admit that one of the rival institutions—certainly not two—might be considered on the same plane with your own dear alma mater.

Patriotism to one's college is serious business among the undergraduates. So is everything else—except the serious things. Flunks, conditions, arrests by the local police, suspensions, expulsions and all the things which bring out gray hairs in father's head, provoke laughter and good humor. But the real things of college life—such as who will play full-back this year, who is to be elected Senior President, what restrictions shall be placed on Freshmen's attire, whether the faculty shall be permitted to abolish the cane-rush, and the like—things which that same father laughs at till he is ill—are too serious and profound even to be joked about on the campus.

These little plays have to do with that topsyturvy life. They do not pretend to be an adequate picture. They are just to remind you that there are such days—days of care forgotten, of light hearts, of strong friendships, of sympathy, chivalry, sincerity, and—I should have mentioned this before—of education.

EDWIN BATEMAN MORRIS,

.. The Freshman

The Freshman

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JOHN WORDEN . . .	<i>The Freshman, and center of interest</i>
"PICADILLY" JEROME	} . . . <i>Sophomores of Lakeville University</i>
"BUGS" STEVENS	
"OWL" GRIGGS	
"TINY" MCGRATH	
PROFESSOR LOCKE	<i>Professor of mathematics and astronomy</i>
HORACE	<i>Colored factotum, and oldest inhabitant</i>
MARY LOCKE	<i>Daughter of Professor Locke</i>
JUDITH BLAIR	<i>The President's daughter</i>
MISS PORTER	<i>Of a very old family</i>
VIOLET	<i>Whose mother keeps a boarding-house</i>

TIME IN REPRESENTATION :—Two hours and a half.

COSTUMES

WORDEN. Act I. Well-dressed at entrance, carries dress-suit case, overcoat, etc., as though just from train; overalls over suit later in act. Act II. Workman's costume, including overalls, but should not be too rough in appearance; may wear neat collar, necktie, and shoes. Act III. May be dressed as in Act I, but without overcoat.

JEROME, MCGRATH, STEVENS. Act I. Well-dressed college boys, wearing hats with class numerals; MCGRATH may wear team sweater and cap. Act II. All well-dressed. Act III. Jerseys or sweaters, caps, etc., as though prepared for rough play. At close of act their clothes appear torn and dirty.

GRIGGS. Dressed neatly, but not fashionably. Same costume throughout, or may wear another suit in Act II. Wears spectacles with large lenses.

COSTUMES

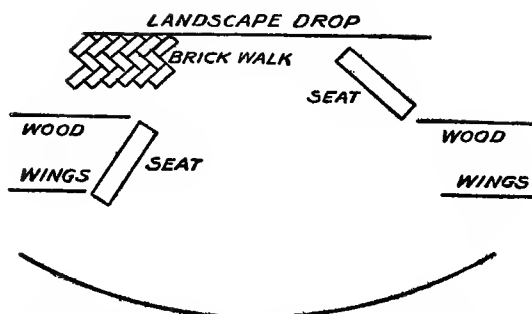
- LOCKE.** Frock coat, gray trousers, gray whiskers, if desired, and wears glasses. Same costume throughout. In Act II may wear white waistcoat for variety's sake.
- HORACE.** Old colored man. May wear any sort of old clothes. A shabby college sweater and cap would be appropriate.
- MARY.** In Act I, outdoor summer morning costume, hat, parasol, gloves, handkerchief. Act II. Same, or light costume suitable for afternoon tea; no hat. Act III. Shirt-waist and dark skirt. Wears at entrance long rain-coat, and scarf over head.
- JUDITH and MISS PORTER.** Suitable light morning and afternoon costumes, with hats. **JUDITH** should be seventeen, and **MISS PORTER** twenty-five to thirty years of age.
- VIOLET.** In Act I, outdoor summer costume, with very large hat; she should appear cheaply dressed and a little overdressed, with many rings and other cheap jewelry. Acts II and III. Shirt-waist and dark skirt, but still wears same cheap jewelry. Hat in Act III. She is seventeen to twenty years of age.
-

PROPERTIES

- ACT I.**—Dress-suit case; book; pencil and paper; wheelbarrow, containing sand, bricks, trowel, etc.; overalls; handkerchief; money.
- ACT II.**—Trowel and bricklayer's line; small cakes, tray, with metal teapot, cups; package; bricks.
- ACT III.**—Money; skirt and scarf; tray covered with cloth, supposed to contain dishes; torn clothing.

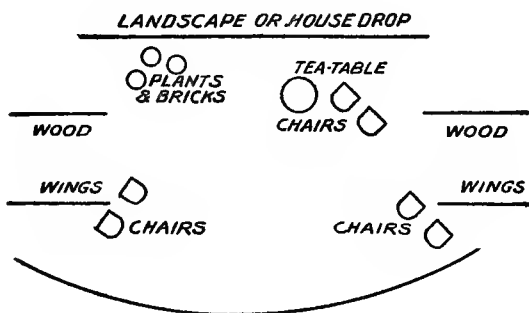
SCENE PLOTS

ACT I



SCENE, the University campus. Drop shows trees and grass or large distant buildings. Wood wings. Benches down R. and up L. Up R. the end of a brick walk, badly broken, projects from wings.

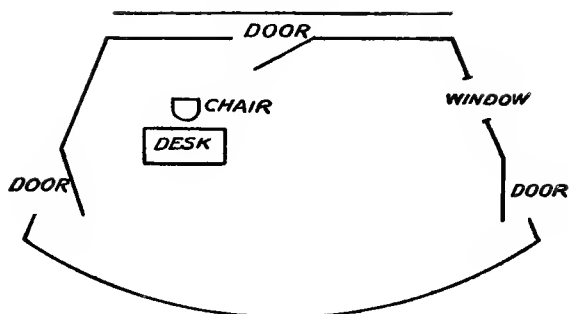
ACT II



SCENE, garden of Professor Locke's house. Drop shows house or garden scene. Tea table up L. with tea service. Wicker chairs up L., down L., and down R. Chairs down L. and down R. may be omitted if necessary. Pile of bricks with potted plants on top of them, up R. Wood wings.

SCENE PLOTS

ACT III



SCENE, boxed end of astronomy room. Blackboards and charts on walls. Up R., a large flat-top desk with chair behind it. Doors R., L. and C. Window L. (or may be in flat L. C.).

The Freshman

ACT I

SCENE.—*The university campus. Drop shows trees and grass, or large distant buildings. Wood wings. Benches down R., and up L. Up R., the end of a brick walk, badly broken, projects from wings. Lights up.*

(*Enter* JEROME, STEVENS and McGRATH.)

JEROME. There are two hundred and nineteen of them.

STEVENS. What! Two hundred and nineteen freshmen?

JEROME. That's what the registrar's list says.

STEVENS. We'll have to be very severe with them. Got the makings?

JEROME. Sure.

(*Hands* STEVENS *bag of tobacco and paper. STEVENS rolls and lights a cigarette.*)

McGRATH. We'll take one freshman every night and chop him up into very small pieces as an example to the rest of the class.

STEVENS. That's it. Nothing brutal. Just funny.

JEROME. And the main thing is to get our posters up soon. We want to make the whole class look ridiculous. Oh, here's Judith. (*Enter* JUDITH and MISS PORTER, R. *The young men rise.*) How d'ye do, Judith? Good-afternoon, Miss Porter.

STEVENS. Well, what do you think of the new freshman class?

JUDITH. Haven't heard much about it.

STEVENS. There are two hundred and nineteen of them.

JUDITH (*laughing*). Yes, and did you hear papa's beautiful break in chapel this morning?

JEROME. No; I thought his opening address was fine.

JUDITH. All except the last of it. He ended, as usual,

THE FRESHMAN

you know, with his remark that the freshman class is the largest we ever had. And then—oh, dear—didn't you notice it? he went on to read from the third Psalm—"Lord, how are they increased who trouble me!"

(They all laugh.)

STEVENS. By Jove, so he did. Poor Prexy! Well, when we get through with the fresh. they will be of an humble and a contrite spirit.

JUDITH. Oh, I don't know. I hope they put you in your proper place.

JEROME. }
STEVENS. } Judith! Behave yourself.
McGRATH. }

JUDITH. Oh, but I know something.

JEROME. What about?

JUDITH. About your freshman class.

JEROME. }
STEVENS. } Let's have it.
McGRATH. }

JUDITH. Will you promise never to let on I told you?
Cross your breath?

ALL. Yes.

JUDITH. Well, there's a millionaire in the freshman class.

ALL. A millionaire!

JEROME. How do you know, Judith?

JUDITH. Well, father, you know, as president of the university, finds out everything, and I heard him whisper it to the dean. They were in the hall, down-stairs, and I was up-stairs. I didn't mean to listen.

STEVENS. Of course not.

JUDITH (*squelching STEVENS with a look*). Father said this millionaire owned thousands and thousands of acres of land and mines and things at Dead Man's Gulch, Colorado.

MISS PORTER. What a horrible name.

JUDITH. Dead Man's Gulch? I think it's lovely.

STEVENS. What's the man's name? We'll haze him first.
Oh, my, boys, won't we —

JUDITH. No, you won't. You aren't ever to know. Father said this millionaire wanted his son to start college just like a poor man. So he asked father to keep it a secret.

STEVENS. But he didn't know then about father's daughter.

THE FRESHMAN

JUDITH. I think you're horrid.

JEROME. Oh, Judith, don't mind him. He's jealous.

JUDITH (*scornfully*). Of whom, pray? Come on, Miss Porter. I hate sophomores, don't you?

(Exeunt JUDITH and MISS PORTER, L.)

JEROME (*to STEVENS*). You're a nice man, I don't think. Come on, we don't want her to go away mad. Come on, McGrath.

MCGRATH. No, you fellows fix it. I've got to go over and see if I can't substitute a course in "Current Topics" for Greek composition.

STEVENS. Run along, Jerome; she'll take anything you say for gospel. We'll wait for you.

JEROME. All right; we want to talk over those posters. Back soon.

(Exit JEROME, L.)

STEVENS. A millionaire in the freshman class, eh? I wonder what he looks like, Tiny? (*Looking off R.*) Well, here comes a freshman now.

(Enter WORDEN, R., with suit case, which he puts down on stage. He looks about him uncertainly.)

WORDEN. Which is the way to the registrar's office?

STEVENS. Take off your hat, freshman.

WORDEN (*taking off hat*). All right.

STEVENS. Don't say, "All right." Say, "Yes, sir." I'm the dean of this university. You know this is a university, don't you?

WORDEN. I had heard that —

STEVENS. Don't try to talk as if you had brains. Say, "Yes, sir," or "No, sir." Nothing else. For whatever is more than this cometh of evil.

WORDEN. Yes, sir.

STEVENS. Very good. What is the name of this university, fresh.?

WORDEN. No, sir.

STEVENS. I say, what is the name of this university?

WORDEN. No, sir.

STEVENS. Oh, I see. You're smart. You're one of those real clever boys. I'll remember you. Now, fresh.,

THE FRESHMAN

what's your name?—and if you say, "Yes, sir," or "No, sir," I'll have you boiled in oil.

WORDEN. John Worden.

STEVENS. Sir.

WORDEN. Sir.

STEVENS. Very good, John Worden. I'll remember you.

You will have to have some of the freshness extracted.

WORDEN (*looking over STEVENS with an amused air*). I should say, after calm reflection, that you are a sophomore, so I suppose you can tell me how they extract the freshness from a freshman.

STEVENS. You'll learn soon enough. I warn you it's a painful operation—very, Mr. John Worden. But I think you'll be the better for it. Come on, Tiny.

(*Exeunt STEVENS and McGRATH, R. WORDEN looks after them, laughing.*)

(*Enter JEROME, L.*)

JEROME. Hello, fresh. Welcome to our city.

WORDEN. Hello.

JEROME. Always say, "Good-morning," to members of the faculty. Where's your nurse?

WORDEN. My what?

JEROME. And your perambulator? And your rubber ball? Every child should have these.

WORDEN. Oh, I see; that's supposed to be funny. Are all sophomores as funny as you are?

JEROME. No. By the time we're through with you, you won't think sophomores are funny at all. We'll make yours a special case.

WORDEN. Yes.

JEROME. Yes, sir. Take off your hat. (*WORDEN removes hat.*) Remember. We are going to make yours a special case.

(*Exit, R.*)

(*Enter VIOLET, L.*)

VIOLET. Have you seen Mr. Jerome?

WORDEN. Is that Mr. Jerome?

VIOLET (*looking*). Yes, that's him. And a meaner, more

THE FRESHMAN

stuck-up creature never went to this here university.

Oh, I'll Jerome him before I'm through.

WORDEN. I haven't the slightest doubt that you will.

VIOLET. Are you a student?

WORDEN. Well, nearly. I'm on my way to register now.

VIOLET. Oh, my! You're a freshman.

WORDEN. I'm afraid so.

VIOLET (*picking a speck from his coat*). Well, I always did like freshmen. Have you found a boarding-house yet?

WORDEN. No.

VIOLET (*smoothing down the lapel of his coat*). How well you look in this suit. There are so few good-looking men in the university. Mother keeps a boarding-house.

WORDEN. Does she?

VIOLET. Oh, yes. Has for years.

WORDEN. I am going to get a dormitory room.

VIOLET. Oh, fudge. There ain't none of them left.

WORDEN. Is that so?

VIOLET. Oh, no. You know, I should think you'd get a necktie of this new shade of blue. It would just match your eyes. You know mother has such a hard time to get nice young men. And she would rather not take any at all than any other kind.

WORDEN. Of course. They all would.

VIOLET (*picking off another imaginary speck*). We—I think it would be lovely if you'd come.

WORDEN. I have to go somewhere, I suppose.

VIOLET. Oh, say, kiddo, that's the talk. Mother will scream for joy when she sees you.

WORDEN. Lead the way, then. I'm coming.

(*Exeunt WORDEN and VIOLET, L.*)

(*Enter STEVENS, JEROME and GRIGGS, R. GRIGGS carries book.*)

JEROME. We'll have to throw it into the freshmen hard, right off. We want to make them the laughing-stock of the university.

STEVENS. That's the idea. Don't you think so, Griggs?

GRIGGS. Eh? What?

STEVENS. I say we've got to throw it into the freshmen hard this fall.

THE FRESHMAN

GRIGGS. True. Very true. Quite proper.

(Returns to book.)

JEROME. Put that book away. What are you reading?

GRIGGS. An extremely clever and absorbing proof that x to the fourth power, y to the fourth power minus x square, plus the n th root of z square taken twice may in two specific instances equal infinity.

STEVENS. How exciting! I don't wonder you hate to leave it.

JEROME. Now we three are on the committee to put up a poster. Let's get to business. We ought to put out a poster that will make the freshmen squirm. I say, let's go about it in a different way this time. Instead of the usual maudlin, pointless rubbish, let's have something really clever, something that will make people laugh.

STEVENS. Fine. That's the talk. Let's make this a record-breaker.

JEROME. The main thing is to have something tremendously funny at the very beginning, so everybody will want to read the rest of it. Now I had thought of having printed in large letters at the top, "OH, YOU GREEN WORMS." What do you think of that for a starter?

STEVENS. That's a rip-snorter. That'll get them going. Eh, Griggs?

GRIGGS. What?

STEVENS. Don't you think "Oh, You Green Worms" is a screaming line for the poster?

GRIGGS. Well—ah—it scarcely seems overburdened with point.

JEROME. Oh, Griggs!

STEVENS. Now isn't that just like a greasy grind? No more class spirit—than a fried tomato. Griggs, you're a disgrace to the university.

(GRIGGS returns to his book.)

JEROME. Oh, come on, Stevens, let's go work this out by ourselves.

(Exit STEVENS and JEROME, R.)

GRIGGS. Oh, what a grand old man this Dr. Smudge was!
 X to the fourth power, y to the fourth power minus x

THE FRESHMAN

square plus the n th root of z square taken twice—in two specific instances equals infinity. What a discovery! What a benefit to humanity! Ah, this man was a man. Think of dying and leaving such a heritage as that to mankind.

(Enter LOCKE and MARY, R.)

LOCKE. Well, Griggs, at it again?

GRIGGS. Yes, Professor Locke. I've discovered an absolute proof of the Bi-Quaternion Pentagonal Elipsoid Theorem.

LOCKE. What! What! Scarcely possible. Scarcely possible.

(MARY sits down, L.)

GRIGGS *(working with pencil on paper)*. Here it is. From the point Q., lay out the diagonal Q. R.—

LOCKE. Oh, why did I never think of that before? Come on, Mr. Griggs, come on. We'll have to work this out. It looks interesting—very. Come.

(Exeunt GRIGGS and LOCKE, R.)

(Enter McGRATH, R. Falls over loose brick in walk.)

McGRATH. Confound that — Beg your pardon, Miss Locke. But I almost broke my neck.

MARY. That would have been unfortunate.

McGRATH. You have a happy way of putting my own thoughts into words. I hope the university authorities can afford to have that walk repaired, now that the son of a multi-millionaire is coming to the university.

MARY. What! What's this? Who's coming?

McGRATH. The thing's a secret. A gentleman from Dead Man's Gulch, Colorado, owns a ranch of one hundred thousand acres, with a few mines thrown in for good measure, and is worth money enough to buy the whole university, including the surrounding village, the heavens above and the waters beneath. Why, he could buy our football team at twice what we paid for it, and never know he'd spent a cent.

MARY. Dear me, you don't say! Who is he?

McGRATH. Nobody knows.

MARY. Nobody knows?

THE FRESHMAN

McGRATH. No. He won't allow his name to be published. He says his son ought to start in college just like any other boy.

MARY. That sounds like a Sunday-school novel.

McGRATH. Chance for you, then. The heroine of a Sunday-school novel is always named Mary.

MARY. I won't set my cap for him.

McGRATH. I'll bet you do.

MARY. Take you.

McGRATH. You're on. What's the bet?

MARY. Oh, anything.

McGRATH (*holding up hands with fingers sticking out of gloves*). Gloves.

MARY. Right.

McGRATH. I warn you I'm betting on a certainty.

MARY. You're not. I'm going to marry a poor man—like you.

McGRATH. No, you don't. I saw you first.

MARY. You wretch. Is this man's son coming to college under an assumed name?

McGRATH. I knew you'd come back to that. I don't know. Maybe. Anyway nobody seems to know who the millionaire ranch owner is, so his name won't be a clue. Probably it's Muggins, or Smith, or Winterbottom,—so when you meet him you will think his father's a plumber.

MARY. I hope it isn't Winterbottom.

McGRATH. Of course you do.

MARY. Oh, be quiet. I don't intend to look at him. Come on down town with me. I want to buy some things.

McGRATH. Yes, of course. Some finery to please Mr. Winterbottom?

(Exeunt, L.)

(Enter WORDEN, L. Stands aside to let MARY and McGRATH pass.)

WORDEN (*aside*). I wonder who that is? Some day, after my freshmanitis wears off, I'm going to meet her.

(Opens letter and starts to read.)

(Enter STEVENS and JEROME, R.)

THE FRESHMAN

JEROME. There he is now. Look here, fresh. (WORDEN *reads*.) Freshman!

WORDEN. Oh, hello. How are you?

STEVENS. Take off your hat. And don't read your love-letters when sophomores are present. Give the letter to me. (WORDEN *folds it up*.) Give it to me.

WORDEN (*putting it in his pocket*). The letter is mine.

STEVENS. I say give it to me.

WORDEN. And I say, if you will pardon me, go to thunder.

JEROME. Stevens, he's got to be cured.

STEVENS. We'll cure him.

(Enter HORACE, with wheelbarrow, L.)

JEROME. Horace, what're you going to do?

HORACE. Ole Horace's gwine to fix this yere brick pavement. I 'clare to goodness, Marse Jerome, I'se gwine to throw up my job if I'se got to come down to layin' bricks. I'se been with this university nigh on to fifty years, sir,—and now they puts me to layin' bricks. Why, sir, I'se most a member of the faculty, I is. And me with the misery in my shouldah, so that it squeaks every time I move it.

JEROME. That's all right, Horace. Mr. Worden, here, is an experienced bricklayer. He'll lay the bricks. Won't you, Mr. Worden?

WORDEN. Just as you say.

HORACE. Lordy be praised. Ole Horace too old to be layin' bricks.

JEROME. Run get Mr. Worden some overalls. (*Exit HORACE, L.*) You always wear overalls, don't you, Mr. Worden?

WORDEN. Invariably.

(Reënter HORACE, with overalls, L.)

HORACE. These is the gardener's. They was hanging right there on the fence.

JEROME. Thank you. That will do.

HORACE. Much obliged, Marse Jerome. Heaven will reward you, sah.

(Exit, L.)

JEROME. Come on, now, put them on.

STEVENS. Are you going to fight about it?

THE FRESHMAN

WORDEN. No. Be very glad to put them on.

STEVENS. Because if you don't, the rest of the sophomore class is in the gymnasium.

(WORDEN puts on overalls.)

WORDEN. Don't worry, gentlemen, you are perfectly safe with me. I shan't hurt you.

JEROME. } Shut up! Now, lay bricks.
STEVENS. }

(Sand, trowel, bricks, etc., are in wheelbarrow. WORDEN begins to lay the bricks. Sophomores gleeful.)

JEROME. Come over in the shade of the trees and watch this performance.

STEVENS. Yes. People will begin coming along presently.

(JEROME and STEVENS conceal themselves in the wings, R.)

JEROME *(calling to WORDEN)*. Don't you stop work when these people come along.

WORDEN. No, sir.

(Enter JUDITH and MISS PORTER, L.)

MISS PORTER. Dear me. At lawst they are repairing the sidewalk.

JUDITH. Not before it needed it.

WORDEN. I beg your pardon, miss, would you mind walking on the drive? I'm laying bricks here.

MISS PORTER. Why, it's all muddy. I cawn't walk out there.

WORDEN. Sorry, miss. But walking here makes large holes in the sand and that makes it very hard to lay bricks.

JUDITH. Come, Miss Porter.

MISS PORTER *(coming down R.)*. Why cawn't they lay them early in the morning? What extrawdin'ry stupid people these workmen are. Just like a lot of sheep.

(Exeunt JUDITH and MISS PORTER, R.)

(Enter JEROME and STEVENS, from wings, up R.)

JEROME *(coming out from wings, laughing)*. She showed you where you lived, fresh. You look the part, all right.

THE FRESHMAN

STEVENS. Get to work, bricklayer. Here comes the best-looking girl in the university. Don't you dare to stop laying bricks. Let her see what a worm of a freshman you are.

JEROME. Let her see what you ought to be instead of a freshman.

(Exeunt JEROME and STEVENS, R.)

(Enter MARY, L. WORDEN lays bricks with furious intentness.)

MARY *(aside)*. Poor little freshman. Being hazed, of course.

(MARY pauses a moment and looks at WORDEN, who is tremendously embarrassed. MARY walks on, but she drops her handkerchief.)

WORDEN *(picking it up)*. Miss!

MARY *(turning)*. Yes.

WORDEN. You have—a—dropped your handkerchief.

MARY *(greatly surprised)*. Oh, thank you. *(Aside.)* How nice looking he is. *(Aloud.)* My good man, you have an interesting face.

WORDEN. Yes, miss, I try to make it so—that is—yes, miss, I believe so.

(In what follows, it should be clear that MARY knows he is a student, and that WORDEN sees she is simply playing with him.)

MARY. You must be a very worthy person, and quite intelligent, I think. Entirely too intelligent to be doing menial labor.

WORDEN. Yes, miss.

MARY. Why don't you aspire to something higher? I should think it would be very galling for you to be down on your knees here in the mud where everybody passes by.

WORDEN. Yes, miss, it is. And when I get a chance at the men who made me do it, I'll—but never mind that.

MARY. Very true. Never revile your masters.

WORDEN. Yes, miss.

MARY. Do you like laying bricks?

WORDEN. Oh, I love it. I can hardly wait until it is six o'clock in the morning, so I can get up and come to work; and in the afternoon when it is time to stop, I do it with tears in my eyes.

MARY (*hiding a smile*). You mustn't be bitter. What is your name? (*Aside*.) Really, his eyes are unusual.

WORDEN. John Worden.

MARY. Well, John, I am very much interested in your case. We must try to do something to better your condition. I am very fond of mission work among the worthy poor.

WORDEN. Thank you.

MARY. Now I wonder—well, come to our house—Professor Locke's—to-morrow afternoon. There is a—let me see—a piece of garden wall that must be repaired. And I will speak to my father about you. I want you to go to the university, if possible. There was one young man who did it and earned his way by scrubbing floors and washing windows. I want you to do that. And he turned out very well.

WORDEN. You are very thoughtful—indeed. Miss—is it Miss Locke?

MARY. Yes. And I hope you will be grateful. One young man whom father befriended stole. But I am sure you wouldn't steal, would you?

WORDEN. Oh, no.

MARY. I knew you wouldn't. You have such a pleasant face. I liked it right away.

WORDEN. But that was nothing. The instant I saw your face, I went crazy about it.

MARY. Never mind, John. Try not to be forward. The impression my face made on you is of no interest to me. You must not take advantage of the fact that I treat you as an equal.

WORDEN. I'm sorry, miss. I forgot myself for the moment.

MARY. Very good, John. I'm not offended. But you must not do it again.

WORDEN. I'll try to remember.

MARY. Always say Miss Locke. It isn't respectful not to.

WORDEN (*repeating*). I'll try to remember, Miss Locke.

MARY. That's better.

WORDEN. In fact, I don't see how I can forget her.

THE FRESHMAN

MARY. John! Now, that will do. You must remember your place.

WORDEN. I apologize humbly, Miss Locke. I forgot myself.

MARY. Well, you must be careful in the future.

(Enter MISS PORTER, R.)

MISS PORTER. Why, Mary Locke, what do you mean by standing here on the drive talking to a common bricklayer?

MARY. I was just engaging him to do some work in the garden.

MISS PORTER. Well, come along, then. I detest plumbers and bricklayers.

MARY. Come, then, to-morrow afternoon, John.

WORDEN. Yes, miss.

(MARY goes L., pauses, looks back at WORDEN, turns and goes out, laughing softly. Exeunt MISS PORTER and MARY, L.)

(Enter STEVENS and JEROME, R.)

STEVENS. Oh, you common bricklayer.

WORDEN. Dry up.

JEROME. Sore, aren't you? What did Miss Locke say to you? We couldn't hear it all.

WORDEN. I'm glad you couldn't.

STEVENS *(laughs)*. Oh, you peevish freshman. Well, good-bye, common bricklayer.

JEROME. Good-bye, you horny-handed son of toil.

(Exeunt JEROME and STEVENS, R.)

WORDEN. Common bricklayer. Well *(smiles)*, I never before appreciated how much fun there is in that sort of thing.

(Enter HORACE, L.)

HORACE. Are you Marse John Worden?

WORDEN. Yes.

HORACE. Here's a letter for you, suh. From the most peculiah place I ever heard of, suh. Dead Man's Gulch. Dat's a very funny name.

WORDEN. Yes, it's from my father. Thank you, Horace.

THE FRESHMAN

(*Gives him money.*)

HORACE. Thank you, suh. Marse Worden, the boys done tole me them sophomores jes' playin' tricks on you. If I'd a known you was a student! Is you a freshman, sah, or a bricklayer?

WORDEN (*speaking slowly*). Well, Horace, I'm a freshman. But (*looking off, L.*) I don't know—there are some tremendous advantages in being just a common bricklayer.

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*Garden of Professor Locke's house. Drop shows house or garden scene. Tea-table, up L., holds tea-service; if possible, teapot has lamp burning under it, but this is not necessary. Plates of cakes also on table. Two wicker chairs near table, up L. Two more wicker chairs down L., and two down R. All chairs except the two near table may be omitted if stage is small. Up near R. 3 E., a pile of about a dozen bricks, with potted plants standing on them. Wood wings. Lights up. MARY and VIOLET discovered C.*

MARY. I sent for you this afternoon to help me. This is the first of my Tuesday afternoons at home, and I want you to answer the door and show the guests out here; and help me generally with the tea and sandwiches.

VIOLET. I ain't no menial, miss.

MARY. No, of course you're not, Violet. But I just need a nice, intelligent, good-looking girl like you. There now, run and see if you can help Jane with the sandwiches. And if a bricklayer comes, tell me immediately. I wish to see him.

VIOLET. Yes, miss. (*Exit MARY, R.*) Huh. Bricklayer, indeed. Well, I'll show him that I'm a lady, even if I do have to open the door for him. There's the bell now. (*Exit, L. Reënter in a moment, VIOLET and WORDEN, L. WORDEN attired in overalls, carrying trowel and line.*) Huh. So you're a bricklayer, are you?

WORDEN. Yes.

VIOLET. Well, if I'd known that.

WORDEN. I'm sorry you didn't.

VIOLET. To think that my mother, who tries to keep a swell boarding-house, should have rented her best room to a bricklayer. Ain't that a jolt?

WORDEN. She's getting paid for it, isn't she?

VIOLET. But the disgrace. Mother and I have to remember our station in life.

THE FRESHMAN

WORDEN. I guess it's a flag-station, isn't it?

VIOLET. Fresh thing. I'll tell Miss Mary. And don't you dare sit on those chairs in your dirty overalls.

(Exit, L.)

WORDEN. This is a peculiar situation. Even my boarding-house lady's daughter snubs me. Nobody in this town will look at me when they hear I have laid bricks at one end of the Lockes' garden, while Mary Locke was having a tea-party at the other. I wouldn't miss this masquerade for a farm. It has possibilities for much humor. Especially in the question—can I really lay bricks?

(Enter MARY, R.)

MARY. Well, John.

WORDEN. How do you do, Miss Locke?

MARY. I am glad to see you are so punctual. It is a good trait.

WORDEN. Aren't all the men who come to see you punctual?

MARY *(aside)*. He's awfully clever. *(Aloud.)* You are not coming to see me. You are coming to lay bricks, John.

WORDEN. Yes, miss.

MARY. I spoke to my father about you, and he is very much interested. He says he hopes you will enter the university some day. Perhaps you are especially interested in mathematics. If you'd like to specialize in mathematics, he will help you.

WORDEN. Heaven forbid.

MARY. What did you say?

WORDEN. I don't think much of mathematics.

MARY. Oh, but you will. Father will make it very interesting.

WORDEN. He didn't to-day.

MARY. What, John?

WORDEN. I say I hope he will. Oh, Miss Locke —

MARY. Don't say "Oh, Miss Locke." It's too familiar. Just say Miss Locke.

WORDEN. Yes, miss. I wanted to ask you if you were going to be about when I'm laying bricks—so as to see that I do it the way you want it.

THE FRESHMAN

MARY. Yes. I shall be about.

WORDEN. That's a great relief.

MARY (*looking at him*). John, you must be a great favorite among the girls of your class.

WORDEN. There are no girls in our class. Oh, I see, you mean my social level?

MARY. Yes. What else?

WORDEN. Why do you think that?

MARY. You have such nice eyes.

WORDEN. Thank you, miss.

MARY. Tell me about your very best girl.

WORDEN. I'm afraid I have none.

MARY. Sure, John?

WORDEN. Sure. Unless it's you, Miss Locke.

MARY. That's very nice. But I'm afraid it's a little impertinent. Come, it's time you were laying bricks.

(*Exeunt, R.*)

(*Enter VIOLET, L., ushering in JEROME, STEVENS, GRIGGS and McGRATH.*)

VIOLET. I will tell Miss Locke.

STEVENS (*to JEROME*). I wonder who the Lockes' new servant is?

VIOLET. I thank you, Mr. Stevens, I am no servant.

STEVENS. Why, it's little Violet, the pride of the village.

VIOLET. You knew me all the time. But you just take every opportunity to insult me. But if you don't pay mother the three dollars and seventy-five cents you owe her—soon—we will have the town constable set on you.

STEVENS. Three-seventy-five? Mercy! Is it possible I owe your mother for two weeks' board?

VIOLET. Oh, funny. Ha, ha! But just you be careful, Mr. Smarty, or else you'll laugh on the other side of your face.

(*Exit, R.*)

McGRATH. I suppose all you sophomores know we are going to have a terrible time to put up our posters to-night?

JEROME. Yes. The freshmen have got wind of it.

McGRATH. And they have found who is doing the printing. They are gathered around the shop like flies, and if we get the posters out whole, it will be a miracle.

THE FRESHMAN

JEROME (*coming close to McGRATH*). Sh-h-h! (*Looks about stage.*) Are we alone?

STEVENS (*looking about stage*). Absolutely.

JEROME (*to McGRATH*). We've got them!

McGRATH. What! You've got the posters from the printer's?

JEROME. Yes. You see, we saw all the freshmen camped about the place, waiting to seize the posters. So we got the baker's boy to climb along the roof from his shop to the printer's shop and get the posters—all unknown to the freshies.

McGRATH. Fine. Whoop!

STEVENS. And he has the package of them now safe and sound.

McGRATH. But how shall we get them?

JEROME. When the baker's boy delivers some cake and things here to Miss Locke this afternoon, he will deliver the package too, and we will hide it till to-night, and then —

STEVENS. Now, listen to this. This is the smart part.

JEROME. To-night half of us sophomores will go to the printer's as if we were going to break in and get the posters. That will engage the whole freshman class in a fight, and while the fight is going on, the rest of us will put up the posters.

STEVENS. Whoop! I guess that's pretty stupid of us—what? (*Slaps GRIGGS on the back.*) What do you think of that, Griggsy?

GRIGGS. It should be productive of much interesting result. I thoroughly approve of it.

STEVENS. Now, Griggs, not so boisterous. Restrain your enthusiasm. Try to be calm, like me.

(Enter MARY and VIOLET, R.)

MARY. Please bring some fresh tea, Violet. How do you do, sophomores, and the famous Mr. McGrath?

JEROME. Well, McGrath. How do you happen to stand in so strong?

McGRATH. Well, I won't very long. There's a young, half-grown millionaire in the freshman class, who is going to have me cut right out.

MARY. Nonsense! (*To others.*) You've heard about this person?

GRIGGS. }
JEROME. } Oh, yes.
STEVENS. }

MARY. Well, Mr. McGrath says I will set my cap for him. I have bet a pair of gloves I won't have anything to do with him; and I need those gloves. (*Enter VIOLET, L., ushering MISS PORTER and JUDITH.*) Oh, hello, Judith, and Miss Porter.

MISS PORTER. How do you do? Good-afternoon, Mr. McGrath. I saw you this morning on the street and you wouldn't look at me. I'm surprised at you.

STEVENS (*to JUDITH*). I'm not.

JUDITH. Hush!

MCGRATH. My eyes are bad. I have to deny myself the pleasure of looking at these dazzling things.

STEVENS (*to JUDITH*). He ought to have the Victoria Cross for that.

MARY. Do have some tea, won't you?

(*Pours tea. Young men pass tea, cakes, etc.*)

MISS PORTER (*to MCGRATH*). Are you going to get your posters up to-night?

MCGRATH. Indeed we will.

(*MCGRATH and MISS PORTER engage in a lively conversation down R. MARY and STEVENS sit in chairs up L.*)

JEROME (*to JUDITH*). Have you seen those funny new gold-fish Mary has, Judith?

JUDITH. No; where are they?

JEROME (*drawing her L.*). Over there on the verandah. They're Japanese, you know, and —

(*Exeunt JUDITH and JEROME, L.*)

STEVENS (*to GRIGGS, who has been standing up R. eating cakes, which he takes from table*). Oh, Griggs, don't chatter so. You are always gossiping.

GRIGGS. I assure you I have not been conversing at all.

MARY. You mustn't tease Mr. Griggs. I won't have it. Father is very proud of him.

(*Enter LOCKE, R.*)

LOCKE. How do you do, Judith?—and Miss—Miss—no

matter. I'm so glad to see you. Good-afternoon, gentlemen, and Mr. Griggs—I am indeed delighted to see you. In reference to this wonderful discovery we made this morning — (*He goes to GRIGGS, up R.*)

MARY. Father.

LOCKE. Yes, my dear.

MARY. Won't you go and talk to Miss Porter?

LOCKE. I am sure I have nothing of importance to impart to her, my dear. Now, Mr. Griggs, the main point is, can we prove that if x is a constant factor in a binomial equation—er—that y will vary in inverse or direct ratio according as x is a—er —

GRIGGS. You mean, according as x is a positive or negative quantity.

LOCKE. Exactly. Let us stroll in the garden. Now, suppose we consider infinity as a limit rather than —

(*Exeunt GRIGGS and LOCKE, R.*)

MCGRATH. I certainly should hate to have a disease like that.

(*Enter VIOLET, L., bearing tea-tray. STEVENS surreptitiously trips her and she falls down with it.*)

STEVENS. Oh, how clumsy of her. I am so sorry, Miss Locke. Fortunately these pots don't break. But you can't trust servants with nice things.

VIOLET. I seen you stick out your foot, Mr. Stevens.

STEVENS (*grieved*). Why, Violet!

VIOLET. It's a pity a lady can't bring on a tea-tray without some fresh student tripping her up. I'm just as good as you are, Mr. Henery Stevens.

MARY. Violet, go in the house.

VIOLET. Oh, yes, I'll go. But I wouldn't have a disposition like some people.

(*Exit, L.*)

MARY. I'm ashamed of you, Mr. Stevens. Did you do that?

STEVENS. Did you see the man laying bricks in front of Science Hall yesterday?

MARY. Incurable.

MISS PORTER. Yes, I saw him. And I thought he was horrid and impudent.

THE FRESHMAN

(Enter LOCKE, GRIGGS and WORDEN, R.)

LOCKE. Why, Mary, see whom I found in the garden repairing the back wall.

MARY. Yes, father.

STEVENS *(calling off L.)*. Oh, Jerome, come here a minute.

(Enter JEROME and JUDITH, L.)

LOCKE. He's in my algebra class, and is paying his way through college by practicing his trade as a bricklayer. Now, isn't that meritorious?

STEVENS. I think he'll make his mark, Professor.

MARY. Why, father, I spoke to you about him yesterday. We were hoping he might enter the university, but we didn't expect to find him there so soon.

(She looks hard at WORDEN, who looks away, then suddenly faces her. MARY then turns away, hiding a smile.)

MISS PORTER. I think it's disgusting. If a man must earn his way through college, why can't he do it like a gentleman, by giving instruction in bridge or burning Indian heads on leather?

JEROME. I agree with Miss Porter. But then this gentleman is so illiterate that bricklaying is probably the only thing he could undertake.

(WORDEN shakes fist at JEROME.)

MARY. That's perfectly absurd, Mr. Jerome. There isn't a word of it true.

WORDEN. Thank you, Miss Locke. But perhaps I had better retire while this discussion continues. I have some bricks to lay.

(Enter VIOLET, ushering HORACE, L.)

HORACE. Mr. Jerome, 'scuse me, suh, but this is a package for you from the printer's, suh.

(Puts down bundle. WORDEN, who is talking to LOCKE, pretends not to notice.)

JEROME *(to MARY)*. Get him away, quick.

MARY. John, I think you had better go back now to your work. You have rested long enough.

THE FRESHMAN

WORDEN. Yes, miss. Thank you.

(Exit, R.)

JEROME. Much obliged, Horace.

HORACE. Yaas, suh. Reckon you all gwine to make the freshmen feel mighty sore with them posters.

STEVENS. Sh-h. *(Gives him money.)*

HORACE. Yaas, suh. Ole Horace keep it dark. Trust him. 'Cause he's a darkey. Hah! Hah!

(Exit, L.)

JEROME. I hope the freshman didn't see the posters.

STEVENS. He didn't. I was watching him.

MARY. Is he really a freshman?

JEROME. Certainly.

MARY. Why, the deceitful —

JEROME. What?

MARY. Nothing.

MISS PORTER. Good-bye, Miss Locke. I hope you find your bricklayer attractive.

MARY. Good-bye. Good-bye, Judith. Good-bye, Mr. McGrath.

(Exeunt JUDITH, MISS PORTER and McGRATH, L.)

LOCKE. Don't go yet, Griggs. I want to talk to you. Come into my study.

(Exeunt LOCKE and GRIGGS, R.)

STEVENS. Do you mind if we hide these posters in your garden till to-night?

MARY. No. But I don't want to be an accessory, so I'll leave you. Good-bye. Come again, won't you?
(Exit, L. JEROME and STEVENS take plants from pile of bricks, up R., put posters on ground in corner, cover them with bricks, and set plants in front of and on top of them. MARY amused.) Those old bricks came in handy, didn't they?

JEROME. There. No one will find that.

STEVENS. How about the freshman?

JEROME. Oh, if he was too thick-headed to get on when he saw the bundle, he'll never have the wit to find them here. Now about two in the morning, when all the world's asleep, we'll come and get them.

THE FRESHMAN

(*Exeunt, L.*)

(*Enter WORDEN, R., wheeling wheelbarrow with bricks in it.*)

WORDEN. I wonder where I am to put these bricks. There are some over there. (*Goes over to where bricks are on the posters.*) No, that's not the place. Just a few odd bricks. (*Starts off L. with wheelbarrow. Puts it down.*) I guess I had better take those other bricks with me and make the place tidy. (*Goes back to get the bricks.*) Hello. What's this? Here they are. The posters! The fools, they left them here.

(*Brings back barrow, puts in posters and covers them over entirely with bricks. Starts off again at L.*)

(*Enter MARY, L.*)

MARY. John, I wish to speak to you.

WORDEN. Yes, miss.

MARY. John, you should have told me you were a freshman.

WORDEN. Well—ah—I thought—it didn't seem necessary.

MARY. I'm afraid that's not a very good excuse. Have you always been a bricklayer, John?

WORDEN. No, miss. There were a few months just after my birth when I did not lay bricks at all.

MARY. That will do. I am inclined to believe you have not been a bricklayer very long. Your hands are so white and clean.

WORDEN. It's an awful faux pas, isn't it, for a man in my menial position to have hands like these?

MARY. Faux pas! How do you happen to know French so glibly?

WORDEN. It's the name of a brand of bricks, miss.

MARY. John—no, I must call you Mr. Worden now that you are a freshman—it would be foolish for me to try any more missionary work on you.

WORDEN. Then I'll resign from the class.

MARY. You mustn't make pretty speeches like that.

WORDEN. I won't, if you will still let me come and lay bricks.

MARY. Do you like to lay bricks?

WORDEN. In some places.

THE FRESHMAN

MARY. No, I can't let you. Every one says the reason I have you here is because you are so good-looking.

WORDEN. Whereas the real reason I'm here is because you are so good-looking.

(Enter STEVENS and JEROME, L.)

JEROME. I beg your pardon, Miss Locke, but we forgot something this afternoon. Stevens and I are giving a little party at the football game to-morrow, and we want you to go.

MARY. Why, thank you. Of course I'll go.

WORDEN *(furtively looks over his barrow to see if the posters show. Then takes up barrow and starts off)*. Good-night, Miss Locke.

MARY. Just a minute, please. I want to explain something more to you.

JEROME. We will come for you about three. Judith is coming.

MARY. That will be very jolly.

WORDEN *(taking up barrow)*. Miss Locke, I'll see you in the morning. I must hurry now.

MARY. Come back, please. I won't be a minute.

JEROME. Good-bye. I'm so glad you can go. We'll be on hand—unless the freshmen eat us up.

MARY. Dear me, are they such dangerous creatures this year?

STEVENS. Yes, indeed—they're a bold, bad lot.

MARY *(laughing)*. You positively frighten me. Do take a brick apiece with you, so they won't hurt you.

(Takes two bricks from barrow.)

STEVENS. Thank you.

MARY. John, what is that paper under the bricks?

WORDEN *(covering it up)*. That is—that is—the rules of the Bricklayers' Union. I have to carry them always.

MARY. Oh, let me see.

WORDEN. No, I'm sorry, but it's positively secret.

MARY. But I just want to look.

JEROME. So do I.

(Upsets the wheelbarrow, dumping package of posters on stage.)

STEVENS. Well, Mr. Freshman, we fixed you that time.

THE FRESHMAN

MARY. What is in that package?

STEVENS. These are the posters we hid.

MARY. Oh, you sly little freshman.

WORDEN. Well, you beat me that time. Good-bye.

STEVENS (*seizing him*). No, you don't. You're not going to cut and run and tell all the other fresh.

JEROME (*calling off stage*). Oh, Brown. Oh, Smith. Oh, Griggs. All—sophomores—out.

VOICE (*in distance*). All—sophomores—out.

VOICE (*farther away*). All—sophomores—out.

(*Din, hubbub, heard off scenes, distant. Tin horns, shouting, dish-pans, etc. Voices of great crowd gathering, continue till end of act.*)

JEROME. Now part of us will make an onslaught on the freshmen at the printing office, and while that is going on the rest of us will put up posters. Lock this freshman up somewhere so he can't give the game away.

(*STEVENS and JEROME start off with WORDEN toward upper L. entrance. MARY stands down R.*)

MARY. Wait. I haven't given him those instructions about the rest of the work here.

(*STEVENS and JEROME release WORDEN, who crosses R. to MARY.*)

WORDEN (*in low tone*). Well?

MARY. I'm awfully sorry I got you into trouble. I didn't mean to.

WORDEN. Oh, that's all right.

MARY. No, it isn't. I'm afraid they'll treat you badly.

They are going to lock you up, but —

JEROME. Come on, fresh. We won't do a thing to you.

MARY. But I'll stand by you—John.

(*MARY puts out her hand and he takes it, and they stand smiling at each other.*)

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE.—*End of the astronomy lecture-room. Black-boards and charts on walls. Up R. a large flat-topped desk and a chair behind it. Doors R., L. and C. Window L., or in flat, L. C. Lights up. WORDEN, JEROME and STEVENS discovered.*

JEROME. Now then, fresh, you stay here until all the fun is over. You put four or five of the men out in that entry, Stevens (*points L.*); and some under that window. (*Points to window.*) This door to the observatory is locked. (*Tries door, C.*) And we'll guard the hall here. (*Goes R.*) He's snug as a bug in a rug.

STEVENS. You bet you. Ta-ta, fresh.

(*Exeunt JEROME, R., and STEVENS, L.*)

WORDEN. This is a beautiful mess. If I can only get away from here. (*Looks about him.*) I wonder how about this door? (*Opens door, R.*)

VOICE (*without*). Close that door, fresh.

WORDEN. Yes, sir. Beg your pardon.

(*Goes to other door, L., and opens that.*)

VOICE (*without*). Close it tight, fresh.

WORDEN. Yes, sir. Sorry to bother you. (*Tries door at C., which is locked.*) Well, I guess I'm here to stay.

(*Enter VIOLET, L.*)

VIOLET (*calling off*). Oh, I won't detain him a minute, Mr. Stevens. (*To WORDEN.*) Now then, Mr. Smarty Bricklayer, you have got yourself in a nice fix, ain't you? Well, I just came to say that if you expect mother to keep your dinner waiting for you, you are very much mistaken. We ain't going to grovel down on our knees in the dirt to every bricklayer we meet.

WORDEN. Well, I can't get there now, can I?

VIOLET. That's none of our affair. And mother says you can consider your week up of a Thursday.

THE FRESHMAN

WORDEN. All right. And here's a quarter. Have my dinner sent over, Violet.

VIOLET (*taking quarter*). Pardon me, Mr. Worden, I misjudged you. I shall certainly send over your dinner. And would you prefer ham or tripe?

WORDEN. In that case I firmly believe there is no preference.

VIOLET. Yes. Good-bye, Mr. Worden.

(*Exit, L.*)

WORDEN. The power of gold. (*Noise at door, up c.*)
What can that be? (*Door at c. opens and enter*
MARY, *carrying package.*) Why, Miss Locke!

(WORDEN *takes off hat and lays it on desk.*)

MARY (*excitedly*). Yes. It's I. I knew they put you here. It was my fault they got you. Oh, yes, it was. I couldn't eat any dinner for thinking of it. I wanted to help you. Now, let me help you to get away.

WORDEN. You can't do that.

MARY. Yes, I can. I knew father had the observatory key. I got it. The sophomores let me pass. I knew that once in the observatory (*points c.*), you could get down here. So I came. And you're going back the way I came,—to tell the freshmen.

WORDEN. Impossible. They'll catch me at the outer door. And then everybody will know you did it.

MARY. No, they won't; I have it all arranged.

WORDEN. Now, please, Miss Locke, go back. I don't want you to be caught interfering in a class fight. Think what people will say. Please go back.

MARY. John Worden, don't boss me. I'm not going. And I don't care what people say; you're going to tell the freshmen, and get them to the campus as quickly as you can.

WORDEN. But it's impossible. I can't get away.

MARY. Oh, I don't know. (*Draws bundle from under her long coat, and throws it on floor at his feet.*)
Fortunately there was a shower, so I could wear this long coat. There, try that.

WORDEN. What is it?

MARY. A skirt.

WORDEN. And I am to put it on?

MARY. Well, I certainly did not bring it here to sell it.

WORDEN. But what is the object?

MARY. Oh, don't be so stupid. Put it on. How are you going to pass the men down-stairs if you aren't disguised? (*WORDEN takes off his coat, lays it on desk and prepares to get into skirt.*) Oh, over your head, foolish. Don't try to step into it. Here, let me show you.

(*Throws it over her head. She takes it off and hands it to him.*)

WORDEN. It is simple, isn't it? (*Settling skirt about him.*)

MARY. There, you're a perfect lady, aren't you? It's frightfully dark on the campus to-night. They'll never know you. (*Noise at L.*) What's that?

WORDEN. Hide there.

(*Points to desk, R. MARY runs up and crouches behind desk. WORDEN follows her and sits in chair behind desk, so that skirt is hidden. His elbows are on desk, in despairing attitude.*)

(*Enter STEVENS, L.*)

STEVENS. Did you order dinner?

WORDEN. Yes.

STEVENS. Well, it has come. I'll send Horace up with it. And I'll keep you company, to see that you and Horace don't make any plans to leave.

WORDEN. Allright. (*Exit STEVENS, L.*) They're coming right up. Now run away and get out of this. It's too late for me to escape.

MARY. Oh, no. It's just getting exciting. (*Takes off her coat.*) Put this on.

WORDEN. I won't!

MARY. You will!

WORDEN. I will not!

MARY. John!

WORDEN. Mary!

MARY. Don't call me Mary.

WORDEN. I will! I'm not a bricklayer any more.

MARY. Well—if you call me Mary, you must do this for me. (*Throws coat about him. Tears scarf from her shoulders and puts it over his head.*) Now, go. Up

THE FRESHMAN

the stairs to the observatory, and down to the other door; and don't close this door, because it locks on the inside.

WORDEN. You're a brick.

MARY. Brick! Don't be forever talking shop. Good-bye.

WORDEN. Good-bye.

(Exit, c.)

MARY. If he can only get by! I'll give him a good start before I follow. Because, as soon as they see me, they'll suspect a trick. *(Goes to window and waits.)* There he goes. Oh, they are taking off their hats to him. Lovely. They think he's I. Oh, he's through; he's through. I've beaten them. Hooray! *(HORACE heard singing at L.)* What's that? Oh, here comes his dinner. I must go. *(Runs to door at c.)* No, it's too soon. I must wait. I won't spoil it all now. I must hide here. *(Hides behind desk.)*

(Enter HORACE, L., carrying tray.)

HORACE. Whah's you, Marse Worden? Ole Horace's eyes ain't much 'count in dis yere dim light. Marse Worden, here's yo' dinnah. I never heard of a freshman that wouldn't jump when you say dinnah. Dinnah! Dinnah! Dinnah, Marse Worden. No 'sponse. Why, he ain't yere. And the little do' to the garret am wide open, and there's his hat and co't. *(Goes to door, L.)* Marse Stevens, he's gone.

(Enter STEVENS, L.)

STEVENS. What?

HORACE. He's gone. Up the stairs to the garret, I guess.

STEVENS. We'll get him. Close that door, Horace.

(Exit STEVENS, L.)

HORACE *(closing door, c.)*. I don't see the use of makin' all this how-dy-do 'bout a no-'count bricklayer. I seen boys payin' their intuition in all so'ts o' ways, but I 'clare this yere's the fust time I ever seen it done by layin' bricks. An' as Marse Stevens says, I've been janitor e-meritus yere nigh on to fifty years. No, sir. Ole university couldn't run without Horace. And I don't 'prove o' bricklayers.

THE FRESHMAN

(Enter STEVENS, L.)

STEVENS. He's gone, Horace. *(Opens door, R.)* Oh, Jerome.

(Exit HORACE L. Enter JEROME, R.)

JEROME. What's up? What's wrong?

STEVENS. He's gone.

JEROME. What!

STEVENS. Dressed as a girl. Up those stairs and through the observatory. Fooled every one.

JEROME. How long since?

STEVENS. I saw him less than five minutes ago.

JEROME. Quick! I know where he is! Run for the telephone, College Hall. First thing he'll do is telephone down to the rest of the fresh. Take some people and get him before he gets them.

(Exit STEVENS, L., shouting. Noise at R. of men talking, which dies away.)

(Enter McGRATH, R.)

McGRATH. What's wrong?

JEROME. Fresh got away.

McGRATH. What? *(Grabbing JEROME.)* Come on, let's get him. I'll crush him into small bits with my thumb and first finger. What you waiting for?

JEROME. We're staying here. He may still be hiding about, hoping we'll all go. But come on, we aren't doing any good here.

(Exeunt, R.)

(MARY comes from behind desk and goes to door at C.)

MARY. If I could only get to him and warn him. *(Tries door.)* It's locked. I'm caged in. What can I do? If I go out either of those other ways, they'll get me. What if they do? That's it. That's it. I'll let them get me. They'll think it's John. It's very dark in that hall and he'll get away. *(Puts on WORDEN'S coat and hat and dashes to R.)* If I can only make it work.

(Exit, R.)

(Enter LOCKE and GRIGGS, L.)

LOCKE. Griggs, hasn't it occurred to you that there's an

THE FRESHMAN

extraordinary amount of disturbance among the students to-night ?

GRIGGS. Yes, sir. They're having their poster rush.

LOCKE. Poster rush ! Humph ! Griggs, how can these men diligently prepare their lessons, to say nothing of preparing for their life work, if they are out pinching each other's noses all night ?

GRIGGS. They can't, Professor.

LOCKE. I thought not. Now where is my key to the observatory ! It's clearing up and I am sure we shall find Jupiter in fine form to-night. Griggs, I'm glad you don't engage in poster rushes. A person of your diligence and application is an ornament to the university. You are what a typical college man should be.

GRIGGS. I take pride in the fact, sir, that I am.

LOCKE. Now, this Worden—the one we saw laying bricks. He's a worthless one, I'm afraid. He'll never amount to anything. Why, this morning when I was demonstrating that exquisite proof of a quadratic of the n th degree, he went to sleep. Sound asleep.

GRIGGS. It seems incredible that such depravity should exist, sir.

LOCKE. Mr. Griggs, I wish you'd tell me something. You know my daughter, Mary. Now, why is it that every young man who likes my daughter hates mathematics, and every one that likes mathematics my daughter—er (*looks at GRIGGS*) dislikes. How do you account for it ?

GRIGGS (*embarrassed*). Well, really, Professor, I don't know. I —

LOCKE. I know ; you don't like to speak out. But you've noticed it. I can see you have. It worries me sometimes. Now if she should take it into her head to marry a man like this Worden, for example, it would bring down my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave.

GRIGGS. Put that out of your mind, Professor ; she wouldn't do anything like that.

LOCKE. Oh, no, I was only joking. Dear me, no, she's too fond of a good time. She's more likely to marry the millionaire, eh ?

GRIGGS. Oh, really, Professor —

LOCKE (*chuckling as he unlocks door c.*). And then we could have our new telescope in the observatory, eh, Griggs ? Well, well, that wouldn't be so bad, eh ?

THE FRESHMAN

(*Exeunt GRIGGS and LOCKE, C.*)

(*Noise off stage, R. The door is thrown open and MARY is thrust in. She still wears WORDEN'S hat and coat. She slips behind door as JEROME puts his head in. He does not see her as he speaks.*)

JEROME. There you are, freshman. You're clever, but it didn't work. (*Stands with hand on door and calls off R.*) Go on, McGrath, quick. Head off the others and say we've got him here all right.

(*Exit JEROME, closing door behind him, and without looking at MARY.*)

MARY. Oh, but it did work beautifully, Mr. Jerome, beautifully, if you only knew it. Thank goodness that hall was dark as a pocket. Now they will call off the others and he will get away. If it is not too late. But suppose they already have him? I must get away. (*Goes to door at L. Noise of voices and shouting without.*) What's that?

(*She hides behind desk. Voices louder.*)

(*Enter STEVENS, and WORDEN, L.; WORDEN carrying skirt and MARY'S long coat.*)

STEVENS. Well, fresh, you're pretty nifty, but we foxed you. (*WORDEN appears dejected.*) Always make it a rule not to try to beat out a sophomore. There is no one in the world that has more brains than a sophomore, unless it is a man who has been a sophomore twice—like me.

(*Exit STEVENS, L.*)

MARY (*rising and coming down*). Oh, John, I am so sorry. I did my best.

WORDEN. Mary, you still here?

MARY. Yes.

WORDEN (*seizing both her hands*). I did it. I did it. The sophs don't know it, but I telephoned the freshmen.

MARY. Oh, did you? Did you? I love that.

WORDEN. I can hardly wait for the noise to begin.

THE FRESHMAN

MARY. Isn't it exciting? But don't you think you've held my hands long enough?

WORDEN. No. Do you?

MARY (*ironically*). Of course not. But I need them to fix my hair.

WORDEN. Tell me, then, the instant you are through.

(Releases her hands.)

MARY. I don't treat you at all like a bricklayer. I wish you would remember your social position is infinitely below mine.

WORDEN. I try to, always. But it's so hard to be humble, unless you're used to it. (*Laughs.*)

MARY. John Worden, I know you aren't a bricklayer. I saw the bricks you laid.

WORDEN. That's the most modern way.

MARY. You're a fraud. I despise you.

WORDEN. Oh, no, you don't. (*Tries to take her hands.*)

MARY. Yes, I do. Besides, I told you not to hold my hands.

WORDEN. Suppose we compromise on one.

MARY. We'll do nothing of the sort. I hate the touch of you. Besides, the brick dust makes me sneeze.

WORDEN. Which is very healthy. How did you muss your hair?

MARY (*coming close to him*). Do you want me to tell you?

WORDEN. That was my main motive for asking.

MARY. Well, I've been in an encounter with sophomores. I let them catch me—so they wouldn't get you. Wasn't that brave of me?

WORDEN (*taking her hands*). You fine little person!

MARY. My hands, John!

WORDEN. Yes, I'm taking care of them.

MARY. You haven't been given permission.

WORDEN. May I?

MARY. For how long?

WORDEN. Why, always.

(Noise without, coming nearer.)

VOICES (*without, singing, to the old tune, "Where, oh, where are the Hebrew children?"*):

THE FRESHMAN

Where, oh, where are the poor old sophomores?
Where, oh, where are the poor old sophomores?
Where, oh, where are the poor old sophomores?
Lost, lost, all the sophomore class!

WORDEN. Hurray! they've come. It's the freshmen.
Listen!

A VOICE (*off stage, as far away as will permit words to be heard*). What's the matter with the freshmen?

CROWD (*off*). They're all right!

VOICE. Who are all right?

CROWD. The freshmen!

(*Singing again—"Where, oh, where," etc., growing fainter.*)

WORDEN (*goes to window*). Look! there they go across the campus.

(*Confused noise of shouting and cheering, "Rah, Rah, Rah," etc., far off.*)

(*Enter JEROME and McGRATH, R., with torn jerseys and trousers.*)

JEROME (*crossing and opening door at L.*). Sophomores out. The freshmen are on the campus. (*Shouting and hubbub at L. JEROME runs back toward R., catches sight of WORDEN at window.*) Go on out now, fresh, and get in the fight. Who's that with you?

MARY. It's I.

JEROME. Mary Locke? So you're the one that did this? Well, I'm ashamed of you. I thought you were a friend of ours.

(*Exeunt McGRATH and JEROME, R.*)

MARY. There will be no posters put up to-night.

WORDEN. And we are responsible for that.

MARY. Just you and I.

WORDEN (*taking her hands*). Mary, I want to ask you a question, if it's perfectly convenient.

MARY. Do you always have to hold my hands to ask a question?

WORDEN. This particular sort of question, yes.

MARY. Go ahead. Don't let me interfere with your comfort.

THE FRESHMAN

WORDEN. The question is simple and direct. Would you consider marrying a bricklayer?

MARY. I have always wanted to marry a bricklayer. Why do you ask?

WORDEN (*taking her in his arms*). Nothing. I was just curious.

MARY. Men ask such foolish questions.

VOICE (*in distance*). All—freshmen—out!

MARY. Listen!

WORDEN. Good-bye. I must go.

MARY. Don't go.

WORDEN. I must. My country calls. (*Laughs.*)

MARY. Then wear this.

(Ties handkerchief about his arm.)

WORDEN. Good-bye, sweetheart. And should I never return —

MARY. I'll wear black. I look perfectly beautiful in it, anyway.

WORDEN. And remember I died fighting bravely.

MARY. Oh, you are foolish—but you are very nice. Good-bye. (*Exit WORDEN, R. MARY goes to window.*) There he goes. Oh, please, please don't kill him. I want him again.

(Enter JUDITH and MISS PORTER, R.)

JUDITH. We can see finely from these windows, Miss Porter. (*Sees MARY.*) Oh, Mary, you here! Have you heard the great news?

MARY. About the posters?

JUDITH. Oh, no. Isn't it a shame the freshmen were warned? But this news beats that.

MARY. Well, let's hear it.

MISS PORTER. I know you'll be perfectly astonished. We know who the millionaire freshman is. Fawncy that!

MARY. Oh, I don't care. I shan't look at him.

JUDITH. Oh, I shall.

MISS PORTER. And I. My brother says this is a chawnce of a lifetime. And I shall claim first rights to him—because I discovered him.

MARY. What is his name?

JUDITH. There! I knew she would ask that. Trying so hard, aren't you, not to seem interested?

THE FRESHMAN

MISS PORTER. His name is John Worden.

MARY. John Worden!

MISS PORTER. Yes. What's the matter?

JUDITH. Mary! What are you blushing about?

MARY. Nothing. Nothing. The name sounded familiar.

JUDITH. That is what I thought.

(Enter LOCKE and GRIGGS, C.)

LOCKE. Why, how do you do, ladies? What are you doing here?

(GRIGGS stands on one foot and then on the other, and finally escapes at L.)

MARY. Oh, we have just come out to have a view of the rush between the freshmen and sophomores. Don't you hear them?

(Noise of cheering, far off.)

LOCKE. Disgusting.

MISS PORTER. Oh, Professor Locke, we have just discovered who the freshman millionaire is. I had a letter from my brother, who knows him.

LOCKE. Is it possible? Then I suppose one of you has decided to marry him, for the good of the university.

JUDITH. We are all going to fight for him—except Mary.

LOCKE *(smiles)*. If Mary doesn't marry him I shall consider her an undutiful daughter.

(Enter, R., JEROME and McGRATH, in rags and tatters.)

JUDITH *(turning to JEROME)*. Oh, "Pick," you are a sight. Who won?

McGRATH *(crossing to L.)*. The old clothes man, I think. I guess Horace gets these trousers to-morrow.

(Enter WORDEN, R., and STEVENS, L., with clothes torn. GRIGGS follows STEVENS; he is in same clothes as before.)

MARY *(to WORDEN, down C.)*. Oh, John, are you hurt?

WORDEN. Not much. *(Crosses to MARY, up L. C.)*

MISS PORTER. The disgusting bricklayer.

THE FRESHMAN

STEVENS. He put up a game fight, all right. He did a few things to me. I guess you wanted to get even, didn't you?

WORDEN. Well, I tried to make a fair beginning at it.

(All laugh.)

JEROME. Let's give the freshman a yell.

McGRATH.	}	Oskee-wow-wow! Whiskee-wow-wow! Holy
JEROME.		Mack-el-eye! Boom! Worden! Worden!
STEVENS.		Worden!
GRIGGS.		

MISS PORTER. Why, that's John Worden!

(Whispers to LOCKE.)

LOCKE. Gentlemen, it has at last leaked out, Mr. Worden is the millionaire.

McGRATH. Is that right?

WORDEN. I'm afraid so. My father is one.

McGRATH. Then lend me a nickel, won't you? I want to buy some safety-pins.

WORDEN. As announcements seem in order, let me further announce that I am going to marry the most beautiful girl in Lakeville.

MARY. I wonder if he means me?

(Looks at WORDEN, tenderly. He takes her hand and draws her to him.)

McGRATH. Thank you, Worden. I win a pair of gloves on that. I wish I'd made it a suit of clothes.

MARY. Oh, John, I liked you better as a bricklayer.

WORDEN. I couldn't like you any better than I do right now.

MISS PORTER. Do you know, I had a feeling all along he wasn't a common bricklayer.

MARY. He wasn't. He was a very uncommon bricklayer. But he's not going to lay any more bricks. He's going to be a ——

WORDEN. A freshman, Mary.

(Puts his arm around her.)

THE FRESHMAN

PICTURE

Desk	LOCKE	MARY	WORDEN
	MISS PORTER		MCGRATH
	JUDITH		GRIGGS
JEROME			STEVENS

CURTAIN

The Sophomore

The Sophomore

CAST OF CHARACTERS

ROBERT STEWART, *the Sophomore, star full-back on football team.*

"BUD" KENNEDY	Captain football team
"KINK" BANNISTER	} More Sophomores
"REDDY" SIMMS	
"DUTCH" HENDRICKS	
"BUSTER" BROWN	Manager of the team
LIVINGSTONE	Head coach of the team
"OWL" GRIGGS	A "greasy grind"
PROF. ALDEN, M. A., B. B.,	Professor of Physics
HOPE ALDEN	His daughter
"AUNT MARY" SCOTT	} Relatives of Aldens
"COUSIN MATILDA" DWIGGINS	
VIOLET	Servant at Aldens' house

PLACE—Lakeville University.

TIME—Late November.

TIME IN REPRESENTATION—Two hours.

Note.—By omitting Griggs' part in Act III until his entrance on page 40, Livingstone and Griggs may be taken by one person. Also as many "Sophomores" as available may be utilized to help fill the stage in Acts I and III when all the men are on together.

COSTUMES

- STEWART. Act I.—Well dressed, wearing hat or cap with “L” on it. Act II.—May be same as Act I, no cap. Act III.—Football costume, covered with dust or powder, heavy gray blanket on first entrance.
- KENNEDY. Act I and II.—Well dressed, wearing hat or cap with “L” on it. Act III.—Football costume, heavy gray blanket.
- BANNISTER, SIMMS, HENDRICKS. Act I and II.—Fairly well dressed but with campus eccentricity—that is, flannel shirts or sweaters, caps, brilliant hosiery, well turned up trousers. (Corduroy trousers are worn by many college boys.) Act III.—Better dressed, with collars, ties, and neater suits.
- “BUSTER” BROWN. Acts I and II.—Fat individual, well dressed, hat or cap. Act III.—Very nattily dressed, carrying cane.
- LIVINGSTONE. Well dressed, bright vest, may have closely cropped moustache, wears derby hat and carries cane. Same costume throughout.
- GRIGGS. Dressed neatly, wears spectacles with large lenses, combs his hair so it falls over one eye.
- ALDEN. Act I.—Frock coat, gray trousers, spectacles. Powders hair at temples. Act III.—Wears gray overcoat and felt hat.
- HOPE. Act I.—Wears suit, hat and gloves, carries parasol. Act II.—Simple indoor gown. Act III.—May be similar to Act I. May wear furs or fur coat, and bunch of violets.
- MRS. SCOTT. Act II.—Plain, dark indoor costume, rings, chain about neck to watch at belt. Act III.—Dark suit, furs, hat. Age about forty.
- MISS DWIGGINS. Act II.—Neat indoor costume, hair brushed severely back, glasses. Act III.—Dark suit, small, unbecoming hat, tightly rolled umbrella. Age thirty-five.
- VIOLET. Act II.—Black skirt and shirt-waist, white apron, hair dressed fantastically, cheap jewelry. Act III.—Overdressed, wearing ill-fitting suit, hat of many colors and many yards of Lakeville ribbon.

PROPERTIES

ACT I

Books, chalk, papers and books. Dress-suit case.

ACT II

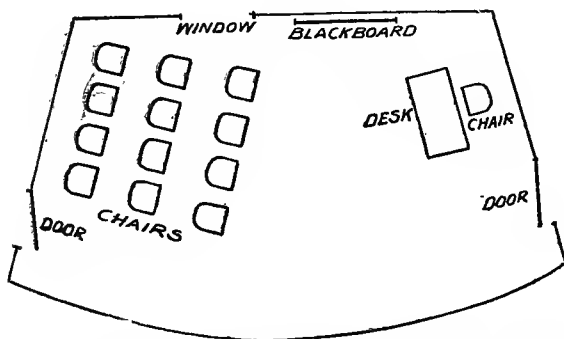
Two pieces of embroidery and one frame, cigarette, waste paper basket, tongs, books, paper-weights, paper cutter, physics book, pencil, ice-water pitcher, flowers, vase, folded paper, supposed to contain examination questions, box of matches.

ACT III

Blankets, muff, telephone, flags on walls.

SCENE PLOTS

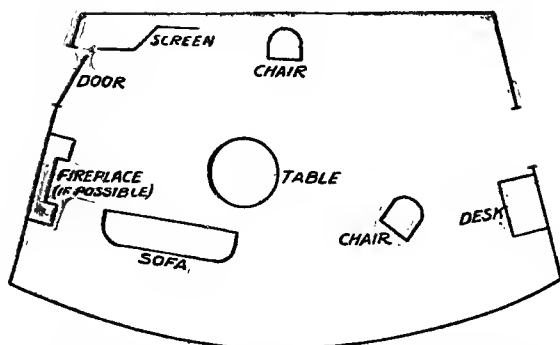
ACT I



SCENE.—Physics class-room at Lakeville University. Furnishings as indicated, also charts, etc., on walls, if desired.

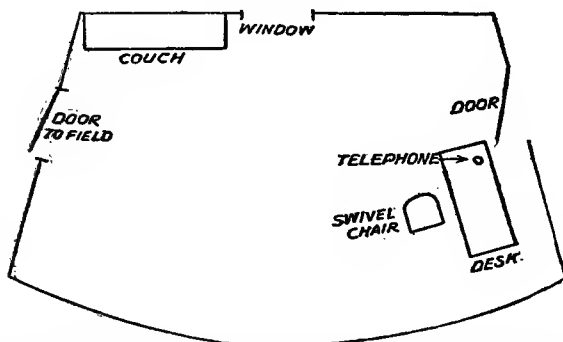
SCENE PLOTS

ACT II



SCENE.—Study of Professor Alden's house. Screen up R., near door. Fireplace, R. (or mantelpiece). Furnishings as indicated, also pictures, books, ornaments, etc. Tongs should be near fireplace. Match-box on mantel. Water pitcher on table. Waste paper basket under desk, L.

ACT III



SCENE.—Office of Athletic Association, overlooking football field. Telephone on desk. Flags, pictures of teams, trophies, etc., on walls.

The Sophomore

ACT I

SCENE.—*The physics class-room at Lakeville University. Discovered, "BUD" KENNEDY, "REDDY" SIMMS, "KINK" BANNISTER, "BUSTER" BROWN, "OWL" GRIGGS, and "DUTCH" HENDRICKS. GRIGGS is studying from book. The rest are all talking at once.*

SIMMS (*shouting above the din*). I tell you that we've got to go some to beat Northminster to-morrow.

ALL. Come off. Chuck it. Pull down your vest.

BROWN. You're a c-crazy, Simms. "Much l-l-learning hath made thee muh-muh-mad."

SIMMS. I know what I'm talking about. The Northminster backfield is the fastest in the Middle West.

BANNISTER (*derisively*). Oh, cripes! Catch me lest I faint. "The best in the Middle West."

SIMMS (*with dignity*). That's what I said.

BANNISTER (*triumphantly*). I saw them play. They played like the scrub team from an old ladies' home.

SIMMS. Oh, you don't know anything about it.

BROWN. Huh-huh—say, Simms. Huh—Stewart could l-lick their whole team s-s-single-handed to-morrow.

SIMMS. Stewart! Stewart! You fellows think Stewart is the angel Gabriel and Saint Peter combined.

BANNISTER. He's better than that. He is the all-American full-back.

BROWN. Well, Kuh-Kennedy, you're the cuh-cuh-captain of the t-t—of the team. Who do you s-say is going to win to-morrow?

KENNEDY. Oh, Lakeville will trim 'em. The big game is on Thanksgiving day with Wilton. If we win that we can claim the championship.

(*Enter PROFESSOR ALDEN, L.*)

THE SOPHOMORE

ALL. 'Morning, 'Fessor.

ALDEN. Good-morning, gentlemen.

BANNISTER. Going to the game to-morrow, 'Fessor?

ALDEN. No, I regret to say I shall be unable to be present on that occasion.

BROWN. Don't you l-like football, 'Fessor?

ALDEN. I have never been elevated to that same pitch of enthusiasm by it that I have at times observed among the undergraduate body. Somehow, it does not produce that thrill of enjoyment that it should. (*Looks all about him.*) Now where did I put my record-book?

BROWN. I-i-it's under y-your arm, P-p-professor.

ALDEN. Ah, yes, to be sure. Thank you. (*Raps on desk.*) Gentlemen, you will be in order, please. Mr. Brown, put up your paper. Mr. Bannister, you are not assisting Mr. Griggs by putting his hat out the door. Now, before we take up the subject of Force and Work, I wish to ask a few questions on Light.

ALL. Aw, you didn't tell us this was going to be a recitation.

ALDEN. Mr. Griggs, did I say this was to be a recitation?

GRIGGS. Yes, sir.

ALL. Aw—you mucker. Greasy grind.

ALDEN. Gentlemen, order, please. (*Looks down list.*) Mr. Brown.

ALL. Hard luck. Cheer up, old man, etc.

ALDEN. Quiet, please. (*BROWN stands up.*) Mr. Brown, what is the cause of the Aurora Borealis?

BROWN. The Au-au-aurora B-b-borealis?

ALDEN. Yes.

BROWN (*sparring for time*). The c-c-cause, did you say?

ALDEN. Yes, Mr. Brown, the cause.

BANNISTER (*in loud whisper*). Tell it to him, Brown.

BROWN (*aside*). Huh-huh-help me out, some one.

(*Silence.*)

ALDEN (*with a touch of sarcasm*). Come, come, don't be embarrassed. We're all friends here.

BROWN (*desperately*). May I duh-duh-draw a duh-duh-diagram?

ALDEN. If you like.

THE SOPHOMORE

BANNISTER. That's right. Don't let him bluff you, Buster.

(BROWN goes to board and draws horizontal line which he carefully marks A at one end, B at the other.)

BROWN. Let the line uh-uh A B r-r-represent the earth's suh-surface. (After some hesitation draws a line C D intersecting it.) Let uh-uh C D represent —

BANNISTER (prompting). The moon's rays.

BROWN. Let C D ruh-ruh-represent the m-m-moon's rays.

(BANNISTER laughs hilariously to himself.)

ALDEN. Take your seat, Mr. Brown. I will mark you a nice round zero. (BROWN takes seat.) Mr. Bannister.

BANNISTER (rising in fright). Yes, sir.

ALDEN. What is the cause of the Aurora Borealis?

(BANNISTER thinks for a long while.)

BANNISTER (blandly). I did know, 'Fessor, but I've forgotten.

(ALDEN lays down his spectacles in astonishment.)

ALDEN. Well, well, what a loss to science. The only man that ever knew, and he has forgotten. That will do, Mr. Bannister. (BANNISTER sits down.) Gentlemen, I see that this quiz is not going to be a success. (Enter ROBERT STEWART, R., and tries to slide unnoticed into a seat.) Well, Mr. Stewart?

STEWART (in some confusion). I—I'm late, Professor.

ALDEN. I should think so. What is your excuse?

STEWART. My hat blew off coming out of the library.

ALDEN. That was your excuse yesterday, Mr. Stewart, and I remember one very like it last week; you will have to take more interest in your work. Now are the golden years of your life. What you sow now, you will reap an hundredfold in the days to come—as Byron says. I will mark you a zero. (Goes back to desk.)

BROWN. Uh-uh s-s-s-stung you like a bee, suh-suh-Stewart.

ALDEN. Quiet, please. We will now take up the subject of Work. When I lift this book—where is that book, I wonder?

BROWN. You're suh-suh-sitting on it, Professor.

THE SOPHOMORE

ALDEN (*getting up*). So I am. Thank you, Mr. Brown. As I was saying, when I lift this book, I do work. I exert a force on it. The result of that force is called work. (*Puts down book.*)

BANNISTER. When you put the book down, Professor, is that work?

ALDEN. No, Mr. Bannister. If it were, you would be the most industrious of men. (*Class goes off into a paroxysm of labored mirth, which is with difficulty quieted by ALDEN pounding on the desk.*) Quiet, please. As I was saying, the result of any force is called work. When the steam moves the piston-rod, when the current moves the armature, when the water moves the mill wheel, when the —

(*STEWART has meanwhile been engaged in conversation by KENNEDY, and is paying no attention to ALDEN. ALDEN pauses and frowns at him. STEWART does not observe, and goes on talking.*)

STEWART (*to KENNEDY*). I tell you I can't get around that end unless the interference is faster. Why, great heavens, I trip over them, fall over them, break my neck over them. They've either got to get out of the way, or—or —

(*Sees ALDEN. Straightens in his seat and tries to appear unconcerned. ALDEN glowers at him for a moment in silence, as if trying to decide how to reprimand him.*)

ALDEN. Mr. Stewart.

STEWART (*rising slowly*). Yes, sir.

ALDEN (*glaring at him*). Mr. Stewart, what is work?

STEWART. What was the question, Professor?

ALDEN. It's perfectly plain. What is work?

STEWART (*languidly*). Oh, most anything is work, Professor.

ALDEN (*excitedly*). Most anything is work? Most anything is — This desk, Mr. Stewart (*raps sharply on the desk with his pencil*), is that work? Is that work, Mr. Stewart?

STEWART. Yes, sir, Professor. That's woodwork.

(*ALDEN goes back to his desk and makes a mark in his book.*)

THE SOPHOMORE

ALDEN. That will do, Mr. Stewart. I wish to see you after the class.

STEWART. I can't do it. I have to ——

ALDEN (*severely*). I wish to see you after the class.

STEWART. Yes, sir.

KENNEDY. Professor Alden, I forgot to tell you ; but the Dean said we all might be excused at quarter to one, if you were willing.

ALDEN. What is the occasion of this ?

KENNEDY. The football team is going away, and the whole college is going to see them off.

ALDEN (*with heavy irony*). Of course it would never do to let such a minor thing as physics interfere with that. (*Looks at watch.*) But it is quarter of one now.

KENNEDY. Yes, sir.

ALDEN. Well, then, I suppose you can go. (*The instant he says this they all make a dash for the door.*) Just a moment, gentlemen ; I have a few more pearls to cast. There will be a quiz on Monday on the subject of Light, so come prepared. That will do. Mr. Stewart, don't forget I wish to see you.

(*Exeunt all but ALDEN, STEWART and KENNEDY, R.*)

KENNEDY. Professor Alden, please don't keep him long. He has to go away with the team on the 1 : 45.

ALDEN. Mr. Kennedy, pray allow me to run my own class-room.

KENNEDY. Yes, sir. Thank you.

(*Exit, R.*)

ALDEN (*seating himself*). Now, Mr. Stewart, sit down. What did you come to college for ?

(*STEWART sits.*)

STEWART. A liberal education.

ALDEN. And you construe liberal to mean "free-and-easy." My dear sir, you are in error. You must begin to be sensible of your manifold responsibilities. Because you promised to keep up in your work, I did not condition you in physics. You haven't kept up in your work. Ergo, I shall report you conditioned in physics—on Monday.

THE SOPHOMORE

STEWART. But I can't play in the Thanksgiving game if I have a condition.

ALDEN (*waving the objection aside*). A small matter.

STEWART (*aghast*). Small!

ALDEN. Very trivial. Trivial! However, I will give you an examination on the day before Thanksgiving.

STEWART. It's too soon. I can't do it.

ALDEN. This is my scheme. You lads think we aren't interested in your success, but we are. Come to my house to-day, and stay there until the examination. You will thus be enabled to apply all your spare time to diligent study, and I will be at hand to help you out on any difficult point.

STEWART. Sorry. Can't do it, Professor Alden. I shall be away with the team to-day, to-morrow and Sunday.

ALDEN. Give it up. Stay home.

STEWART. I can't.

ALDEN. Then you won't be able to participate in the Thanksgiving contest. (*Takes out watch.*) Think it over. I will return in a moment for your answer. I have an appointment with some one somewhere. Let me see, let me see —

(Exit L., with an air of trying to remember something.)

STEWART. Old Alden's brain is made of solid granite. (*Indignantly.*) Going away with the team a trivial matter! You talk like a section of the Elsie books.

(Enter KENNEDY, R.)

KENNEDY. Hurry up, man. Great heavens, you'll be late.

STEWART. All right. Just a minute. I have to see Alden.

KENNEDY. You haven't time. (*Takes hold of him and tries to take him off.*) Let old Alden go now. We can't run any risks of your missing the train.

STEWART. Now you beat it, Kennedy. Let me alone. If I don't fix it up with Alden, he won't let me play against Wilton. Do you get that?

KENNEDY (*excitedly*). He can't do that. Confound it, some of these professors think we come to this university just to study.

STEWART. That's all right. I'll fix it up with him.

THE SOPHOMORE

KENNEDY. You'll have to fix it up with him. The idea of letting physics interfere with football.

(Exit excitedly, R.)

STEWART. I've got to play to-morrow. *(Enter HOPE ALDEN, L. STEWART does not observe her. She stops in surprise as she sees him.)* And as for the examination on Wednesday, I'll bluff it through. I must play Thursday.

HOPE. What's this you will bluff through, Mr. Stewart?

(STEWART turns in surprise and gazes at her blankly.)

STEWART *(smiling mechanically)*. Why,—ah ———

HOPE *(pleasantly)*. You don't remember me at all.

STEWART *(hastily)*. Oh, yes I do, yes I do. That is, your name is perfectly familiar to me, but I can't remember your face. *(Feels that something is wrong in the speech.)* I mean ———

HOPE *(laughing)*. I know what you mean. You mean you don't know the answer. But what is more to the point, do you know where Professor Alden is?

STEWART. He will be back in a moment. *(Pause.)* Are you—are you ———

HOPE. Yes, I am.

STEWART *(in surprise)*. You are what?

HOPE. I'm his daughter. Or were you going to ask if I was his mother?

STEWART. No, I was going to ask if you were his daughter. I thought he only had one—a little girl.

HOPE. Yes, that's all he has.

STEWART. And you are—you are the little girl with her hair down her back I met a couple of years ago when I was at prep school?

HOPE. Yes. It was four years ago. But of course that doesn't make any difference.

STEWART. I am surprised. But then a woman grows up so much more quickly than a man.

HOPE. That's because woman was made out of a man's rib, which is where most of his brains are. What were you going to make such a bluff at when I came into the room?

STEWART. Your father gave me a big problem to think out.

THE SOPHOMORE

HOPE. Then don't try to bluff him. It won't work. I've tried.

STEWART. I'm afraid you're right.

HOPE. What's your problem? I know a lot about physics.

Let me help you work it out.

STEWART. I wish you could.

HOPE. I can. (*Goes to blackboard.*) Tell me the problem. Let a equal? (*Writes, " $a =$ "*)¹

STEWART (*thinking a minute*). Let a equal—a man.

HOPE. In that case I'll make it a capital A. (*Rubs out " a " and writes, " $A = a \text{ man.}$ "*) Yes.

STEWART. Let b equal his knowledge of physics. Make that a very small b , please.

(*HOPE writes, " $b = \text{knowledge of physics.}$ "*)

HOPE (*interrogatively*). And let 70 equal a passing mark in an examination?

STEWART. Exactly. On next Wednesday. Now, your father thinks that the man, A, plus his knowledge of physics, isn't equal to the passing mark, 70. And I've got to prove that he's mistaken.

HOPE. I see. Then the problem is—What unknown quantity must we multiply A plus b by to make seventy?

STEWART. That's it—what's the unknown quantity?

HOPE. Then let x equal the unknown quantity.

STEWART (*quickly*). Or U. (*Writes it on the board.*)

HOPE (*in surprise*). U?

STEWART. Yes, you. (*Points to her.*) That's the greatest unknown quantity in the world, ever since Hamlet made love to Portia.

HOPE. What a knowledge you have of Shakespeare. It's a pity you aren't so well up in physics.

STEWART. I know. I always liked literature best. A fellow doesn't get all mixed up in it like he does in physics.

HOPE. Let's write then that an unknown quantity, which we will call U, times A plus b equals 70. (*Writes, " $U(A + b) = 70.$ "*) There. Isn't that cute?

STEWART. It looks like an incurable disease to me. But I have a sudden idea.

HOPE. What?

STEWART. I'll tell you—to-morrow.

HOPE. I wish I could help you to pass the examination. I really do know something about physics, you know.

¹ Hope's speeches here to be slow and distinct.

THE SOPHOMORE

STEWART. You ought to.

HOPE. But it is such a short time until Wednesday. To help you at all, I would have to arrange to see you too often. It would cause comment.

STEWART. Yes.

HOPE. I'm sorry. I'd love to do it. I know what it means to the university for you to play on Thursday.

STEWART. That's it. Think of it, Miss Alden; suppose Wilton should come down here on Thanksgiving Day, and beat us. We can't run that risk. I've got to be there. There's no one to take my place.

HOPE. Not a single one!

STEWART. Think of the disgrace of a defeat on Thanksgiving Day.

HOPE. And all the Wilton crowd marching down Main Street shouting, "Poor old Lakeville!"

STEWART. And a Wilton bonfire on the lot.

HOPE. And the papers next day.

STEWART. We've got to win.

HOPE. We must. You must be there.

STEWART. I will be there.

HOPE. Bully for you! (*Holds out hand.*) Good luck to you. Good-bye.

STEWART. Are you going to be at home for the next few days?

HOPE. Surely. Come and see me.

STEWART. Thank you. I hope to. (*Exit HOPE, L.*) In fact, I expect to be there all the time. The unknown quantity U seems to be my salvation. (*He walks up and down the room.*) Imagine an old fossil like Alden having a daughter like that. (*Picks up book from desk.*) "Alden's Elementary and Advanced Physics." How could a man who wrote a book like that bring up a girl to be a human being? "Alden's Elementary and Advanced Physics," go to thunder!

(*He throws the book across the room and hits KENNEDY as he enters.*)

(*Enter KENNEDY, R.*)

KENNEDY. Good shot. Angry at all?

STEWART. Yes. I'm angry. Alden says if I play to-morrow he'll condition me before Thursday.

THE SOPHOMORE

KENNEDY. He can't.

STEWART. Yes, he can. And what's more, he will.

KENNEDY (*excitedly, pounding table with his fist*). By thunder, if I ever graduate from this university, I'll head an alumni committee to take the power from the professors of running athletics. It's the ignorant faculty vote that kills Lakeville. Physics! Oh, slush.

(*He picks up book and tosses it at STEWART, who catches it and holds it up in front of him.*)

STEWART. Physics, I have to kow-tow to you. The honor of Lakeville is nothing. The prestige of the university is nothing—so long as I know physics.

(*Slams the book down on desk or chair.*)

(*Enter ALDEN, R.*)

ALDEN. Well, Mr. Stewart, what is your decision?

STEWART. There wasn't any decision to make. You have me strung up by the thumbs.

ALDEN. Come, come, Mr. Stewart, not that tone.

STEWART. I have to play on Thanksgiving. If I go away to-day you won't let me.

ALDEN. Nor would any other member of the faculty.

STEWART. Then I must stay here. I accept your offer.
(*KENNEDY groans.*) Shut up, Bud.

ALDEN. Very good. (*Gathers up his books and papers.*)
Now where are my glasses?

STEWART. You've pushed them up on your forehead, sir.

ALDEN (*adjusting them on his nose*). To be sure. Thank you. Sometimes I almost believe I am growing absent-minded. Let me see. What were we discussing?

STEWART. My condition in physics.

ALDEN. Yes, yes. Come to dinner to-night at six-thirty—no, at six; that may be the hour. And bring your bag.

STEWART (*to KENNEDY*). Jail sentence. (*To ALDEN.*)
Thank you, sir.

ALDEN. Not at all. Good-bye. I have to meet my daughter somewhere now.

(*Exit, L.*)

(*Enter LIVINGSTONE, R.*)

THE SOPHOMORE

LIVINGSTONE. Come on, Stewart. Confound it! Don't you know enough to get in the 'bus when it's time to go?

STEWART (*quietly*). I'm not going.

LIVINGSTONE. The dickens you're not! Is that your bag? (*Points to dress suit case.*) Kennedy, take that out and put it in the express wagon. (*KENNEDY picks up suit case.*) Stewart, come with me.

(Goes over to take hold of him.)

STEWART. Livingstone, if you touch me, I'll knock you into the middle of next week.

LIVINGSTONE. What's the matter?

STEWART. Alden says he'll condition me if I go.

(KENNEDY puts down suit case.)

LIVINGSTONE. Alden, Alden. Where's the Faculty Committee? Where's the Dean? I'll see who's going to break up my team. I'm not going to be head coach of a kindergarten. (*Starts for the door. KENNEDY and STEWART catch him.*) Well, of all the common, low down tricks. This is the worst milk and water university I ever saw. Let me go. Stay home, Stewart, stay home. I don't care if we lose. I don't care if we don't score one—darn—point.

(Exit, R.)

KENNEDY. Shall I have them leave your football togs here? They're in the wagon now.

STEWART. Oh, yes, Bud; anything.

(Loud cheers off stage.)

KENNEDY. I've got to go. Good-bye, old man.

(Exit.)

STEWART. Good-bye. (*Cheer off stage. O, skee—wow—wow! Whiskey—wow—wow! Holy Mack-el—eye! Boom! Team!! Team!! Team!!*) I'm going.

THE SOPHOMORE

(*Rushes to door.*) Kennedy, Kennedy! (*Rushes to window.*) Kennedy! Too late! There they go!

(*Singing outside. Air, "Glory, glory Hallelujah!"*)

Everybody whoop for Lakeville!
Everybody whoop for Lakeville!
Everybody whoop for Lakeville!
When the team goes marching on.

(*Enter BROWN, R.*)

BROWN (*excitedly*). Cuh-cuh-come on, Stewart, they're off.
STEWART. I'm not going.

BROWN (*blankly*). Oh, m-m-my lord! Puh-puh-poor old Stewart!

(*Exit, R., softly.*)

(*Singing still continues.*)

STEWART. Yes. Poor old Stewart—with a capital S. That stands for stung, I guess. (*He turns slowly to blackboard, and writes a capital S after the U already there.*) U—S—us. Say, that's funny. U stands for Hope. And she promised to help me. By Jove, I wonder if she could. I'll bet she can. (*He picks up chalk briskly, draws a line around the U S, and comes down, smiling. Takes book and holds it up.*) Here's to the two of us together! We'll win yet!

CURTAIN

(*The writing on blackboard at close of act should read:*)

A = a man.

b = knowledge of physics.

U S

U (A + b) = 70.

ACT II

SCENE.—*Study in PROFESSOR ALDEN'S house. Discov-
ered—"AUNT MARY" SCOTT and "COUSIN MATILDA"
DWIGGINS, embroidering.*

MRS. SCOTT. My mother never used an embroidery frame in her life, and she did perfectly beautiful embroidery.

MISS DWIGGINS. I know that, Mary Scott, but she used the underhand-overlap stitch, which takes forever to do. The idea of you teaching Hope to embroider without a frame! It's perfectly ridiculous.

MRS. SCOTT. It's no such thing, Matilda.

MISS DWIGGINS. Well, I think some care ought to be exercised in bringing up children. They ought not to be sent out into life handicapped with narrow notions.

MRS. SCOTT. It isn't a narrow notion. My mother embroidered without a frame, and her mother before her, and she was a Cunningham.

MISS DWIGGINS. I get so sick and tired, Mary Scott, of Cunningham, Cunningham, Cunningham, all day long. You might think Moses and the twelve apostles were Cunninghams to hear you talk.

MRS. SCOTT. Now, Cousin Matilda, there's no occasion to be spiteful about it.

(They embroider in silence for a space.)

MISS DWIGGINS. And another thing I don't like is the way you allow this young man to live here in the house. I think it is most unusual, not to say disgraceful.

MRS. SCOTT. I allow it? Matilda, you must be losing your mind. You know perfectly well that when John Alden says anything you might just as well talk to that sofa as try to show him where he is wrong, and he invited the young man here.

MISS DWIGGINS. Well, I think you ought to assert yourself.

MRS. SCOTT. Matilda Dwiggins, I am nothing in this house. What I want doesn't count. My words aren't

THE SOPHOMORE

listened to. I assert myself, indeed! I am a mere cipher. I don't know what he was thinking of.

MISS DWIGGINS. Nothing at all, I guess. Why, John Alden is so absent-minded. Hope always has to run after him in the morning to see that he has on his necktie.

MRS. SCOTT. That's just it. He's such a dreamer. Otherwise he wouldn't allow a football player to stay under the same roof with his daughter.

MISS DWIGGINS. I don't see why the President of the United States doesn't forbid that game.

MRS. SCOTT. That's what I have always said. Why, Matilda, it's perfectly awful. Twenty-two men all stand in a compact mass around the ball. After a while a man screws up his courage and picks it up, and the other twenty-one men jump on him, and kick him, and bite him until he lets go. Isn't that brutal?

MISS DWIGGINS. I think it is perfectly barbaric.

(*Enter STEWART, L. Sees ladies. Pauses. Takes cigarette from case and puts it in his mouth unlighted.*)

STEWART. Did you ever see anything quite so beautiful as this day?

(*MRS. SCOTT begins to cough violently, and MISS DWIGGINS, looking up and catching the drift, also bursts into a fit of coughing.*)

MRS. SCOTT. That horrid cigarette smoke.

STEWART. Oh, my cigarette. I beg your pardon. I see the smoke annoys you.

(*Throws it in waste paper basket. MRS. SCOTT makes a wild dive for the basket.*)

MRS. SCOTT. Do you wish to have the house afire?

STEWART. Oh, don't trouble. They rarely set fire to the basket, and when they do, it's a small matter to dash a pitcher of water over it. It's a common occurrence at the dormitories.

MRS. SCOTT. I see it! Matilda, bring me those fireplace tongs. Quick! It hasn't caught anything yet.

STEWART. Perhaps I can help.

(*MISS DWIGGINS gives him a scathing glance, and hands MRS. SCOTT the tongs. MRS. SCOTT takes the cigarette*

THE SOPHOMORE

gingerly in the tongs, and passes with dignity toward the door, holding the cigarette, with much ostentation, as far away from her face as possible, so as not to smell it.)

(Enter HOPE, R., meeting MRS. SCOTT.)

HOPE. Why, Aunt Mary, what are you doing?

MRS. SCOTT. I'm carrying it out.

HOPE. Bob — *(Begins again.)* Mr. Stewart, we will have to make it an absolute rule that you are not to smoke anywhere in the house without permission.

STEWART. Very good.

MRS. SCOTT. I should think so.

(Exit MRS. SCOTT with cigarette, R.)

MISS DWIGGINS *(following)*. He almost set the house on fire.

(Exit, R.)

HOPE. Now, Bobby, you'll simply have to stop it. You mustn't tease them any more. Besides, you might have set the house on fire.

STEWART. It wasn't lighted, Hope. I'm in training, you know. I was only teasing them. Besides, you wouldn't mind a fire. You rent the house furnished.

HOPE. Bobby! Is that a Christian spirit?

STEWART. Oh, I can't be too good. Here I have been slaving my life out for five straight days poling physics.

HOPE. And a lot of good you have done.

STEWART. Oh, I've learned a lot.

HOPE. You have? What's the specific gravity of water, then?

STEWART *(glibly)*. Point three—two—six—one.

HOPE *(stopping her ears)*. Now, aren't you ashamed? That doesn't mean a thing. It's probably a football signal.

STEWART. It is. That's Stewart around right end. Formation thus. *(Explains with books, paper weights and paper cutter on the table.)* Line here. Interference here. Stewart here. The quarter-back gives the signal, the ball is snapped, the —

HOPE. Now, Bobby, we're here to study physics.

STEWART. Excuse me.

THE SOPHOMORE

HOPE. I got father to put off your examination till to-morrow. That's the very day of the game. Now you must pass it. They can't win the game without you. They almost lost last Saturday because you weren't there.

STEWART. Oh, I'll pass.

HOPE. Well, you may. You have the facts all stored away, but your mind is a perfect jumble. If you would sit down for about ten hours at a stretch, and comb out your information till you got it to lie straight, there would be some chance to get you through.

STEWART. I'll do that. We'll begin now.

HOPE. Oh, I know all about you. Nothing less than an earthquake would make you sit still for more than twenty minutes at a time.

STEWART. Now, try me.

HOPE (*opening book*). Just about the time we get over one page half the university will come, and you will spend a couple of hours proving you can't possibly fail to pass.

STEWART. No, I'll come back in ten minutes, and find you gone down-town shopping.

HOPE. And instead of studying, you'll read a magazine till I get back.

STEWART. Sure. Can't study all alone.

HOPE. That's the way it's been all the week. When I'm here, you're not ; when you're here, I'm not.

STEWART. Yes. You might think we were married.

HOPE (*hastily*). Do you know what's on this page? (*Severely*.) You're willing to talk about anything but physics.

STEWART. Well, when two people are so congenial that they avoid each other from habit, don't they usually get married?

HOPE. Don't know. I never was married. Now come and study your physics.

STEWART. All right. No fooling now. We are going to get right down to work. This question of specific gravity—I know that. First, you take a substance, and weigh it in air.

(*Enter VIOLET, L.*)

VIOLET. Miss Alden, there's some men at the door. They want to see Mr. Stewart.

THE SOPHOMORE

STEWART. Who are they?

VIOLET. Oh, it's a couple of them Swarthmores. "Bud" Kennedy is one of 'em.

HOPE. Mr. Kennedy.

VIOLET (*shifting her chewing gum*). Mister Kennedy.

STEWART. Tell them I'll be down.

HOPE. Have them up here, Bob. I'm going up-stairs.
(*Exit VIOLET, L.*) And don't be more than ten minutes. (*Going.*)

STEWART. Ne-ver.

HOPE (*coming back*). And when you want me, will you call me?

STEWART (*going up close to her*). When I want you, did you say?

HOPE (*innocently*). Why, yes.

STEWART. Do you mind if I begin calling now?

(*She strikes him lightly on the cheek with her pencil.*)

HOPE. Sil-ly. (*Runs to door, R.*) Don't be long.

(*Stands at door smiling at him.*)

STEWART. May I call you now?

HOPE. No. In that case I might—call your bluff.

(*Exit laughing, R.*)

STEWART. Isn't she a wonder? The best thing about a professor of physics is his daughter. Oh, that's very clever. I'll have it embroidered on something to hang in my room.

(*Enter VIOLET, KENNEDY and BANNISTER, L.*)

KENNEDY. }
BANNISTER. } Hello, Bob!

STEWART. Hello, boys! (*Shakes hands.*) Sit down.

KENNEDY. Thanks. Pipe the maid, will you? (*Indicates VIOLET.*) She thinks she's in a boarding-house still. Watching us all the time to see we didn't steal anything.

VIOLET. Oh, I know them scamps, Mr. Stewart. When they was boardin' at mother's they swiped an elegant crayon picture of grandfather, and hung it up in the

THE SOPHOMORE

post-office, marked, "Undertaker and Embalmer." Mother was that ashamed.

STEWART. There must be some mistake, Violet. They wouldn't do anything like that.

VIOLET (*with much irony*). Oh, no, they wouldn't do anything like that. And I suppose I didn't catch 'em just now stuffin' the Professor's high hat band with paper. Oh, no, they wouldn't do nothin' wrong. Butter would melt in their mouths, it would. Oh, yes.

STEWART. All right, Violet.

BANNISTER. Good-bye, Violet. Sorry you have to go.

KENNEDY. Here's your hat. (*Pretends to get hat.*) What makes you hurry off like that?

VIOLET. Oh, you're so funny. A lady can't open her mouth without you crack off something smart.

(*Very ironical. Flounces off stage, L. Pause. KENNEDY looks at STEWART hard.*)

STEWART. Well, shoot it off; what is it?

KENNEDY. You're a corker, aren't you?

STEWART. What's the matter now, Bud?

KENNEDY. Ye gods! (*Ironically.*) What's the matter? Do you realize you've been five days here fussing with a girl while the team's been going to thunder?

STEWART. I've been studying physics.

BANNISTER. Oh, you kid! Studying physics!

(*Laughs. KENNEDY and BANNISTER both lie back in chairs and roar.*)

KENNEDY. It's a nice study. Such beautiful eyes and hair.

BANNISTER. That's it. He means studying physiqes.

(*KENNEDY and BANNISTER go off into a fresh spasm.*)

STEWART (*picking up ice water pitcher*). Chuck it, Kink, or I'll drown you both.

(*They stop laughing. They stand up on either side of him, and put their hands on his shoulders.*)

KENNEDY. That's all right, old chap. I understand it.

STEWART. I've been studying physics to pass my examination to-morrow.

THE SOPHOMORE

BANNISTER. Of course. Certainly.

(BANNISTER and KENNEDY try to look solemn, and burst out laughing. STEWART seizes pitcher.)

KENNEDY. No, no. I'll be good. (*Seriously.*) Here's the point, Stewart, old man. Are you going to pass that examination to-morrow?

STEWART. It's going to be tight tooting.

KENNEDY. Are you going to pass?

STEWART (*after a pause*). No.

BANNISTER (*catching KENNEDY by the arm*). That settles it. Come on.

STEWART. Where are you going?

BANNISTER. You're going to play to-morrow, my boy. Don't worry.

STEWART (*eagerly*). How? What? What's the scheme?

(*Enter HOPE, R. ; sees KENNEDY and BANNISTER.*)

HOPE. Oh, excuse me.

(*Exit, R.*)

BANNISTER. Hist! (*Walks around in a circle.*) Come within the magic circle. (*In hoarse whisper.*) We know where a carbon copy of your examination questions is! We saw Alden's stenographer put it in his desk.

(*STEWART stands dazed.*)

STEWART (*excitedly*). A copy of my examination questions! Why, say, that's——

BANNISTER (*interrupting*). Hist! And we are going to get them now.

STEWART (*emphatically*). You mustn't, fellows. I can't use those questions, you know.

KENNEDY (*severely*). Can't! You have to use them. For the honor of the university!

(*Exit KENNEDY and BANNISTER, L.*)

(*STEWART looks after them bewildered.*)

STEWART. For the—honor—of the university.

(*Sinks down on sofa and holds head in hands.*)

(*Enter, after a moment, MRS. SCOTT and MISS DWIGGINS, R.*)

THE SOPHOMORE

MRS. SCOTT (*going on with conversation*). And we invited Mr. Levering, who was a second cousin of my mother's —

MISS DWIGGINS. He was a third cousin, Mary.

MRS. SCOTT. Indeed he was not.

MISS DWIGGINS. I know he was, because I heard Professor Alden say —

MRS. SCOTT. John Alden doesn't know. I happen to be aware — (*They both see STEWART.*) Why, Mr. Stewart, you are ill.

MISS DWIGGINS. There! I said that was just what the cigarettes would do.

MRS. SCOTT (*sitting down beside him*). Where does the pain seem to be?

(STEWART gazes at them in astonishment.)

MISS DWIGGINS. Yes, those are just the symptoms. Eyes dilated, and cheeks flushed. You must go right away, and drink a heaping spoonful of baking soda dissolved in hot water, just as hot as you can bear it.

MRS. SCOTT. Matilda, that's silly. Do you want to kill the child? Mr. Stewart, I will send Violet for a box of Cahill's Corrugated Capsules. You take one of those every fifteen minutes for an hour, and you'll be well. When I was keeping house I never was without them for an instant.

MISS DWIGGINS. My dear, soda is always prescribed.

MRS. SCOTT (*with decision*). Matilda, I lived with the Cunninghams for ten years, and they never used anything else but Cahill's Capsules.

(STEWART goes up R. MRS. SCOTT and MISS DWIGGINS, who are standing front c., are so busy discussing that they do not notice him. He steals quietly away on tiptoe, and escapes at L.)

MISS DWIGGINS. Always the Cunninghams. Mary Scott, you make me so tired I could scream. Anyway, my mother used to say old Mrs. Cunningham was the worst housekeeper she ever saw.

MRS. SCOTT (*magnificently*). We won't discuss the Cunninghams, my dear.

MISS DWIGGINS. Thank goodness for that—for once.

THE SOPHOMORE

MRS. SCOTT. Matilda Dwiggins, you can be the nastiest person. (*Turns from her to where STEWART had been sitting on sofa.*) Now, Mr. Stewart, if you—— Why, where has he gone? Did you ever know of such rudeness?

MISS DWIGGINS. Can you expect a college man to be anything else but ill-mannered?

(*Enter HOPE, R., with some flowers.*)

MRS. SCOTT. Hope, the young man is ill.

HOPE (*dropping the flowers*). Mr. Stewart?

MRS. SCOTT. Yes, he seemed very bad.

HOPE. But he—he was well half an hour ago.

MRS. SCOTT. Oh, I don't think it's serious, I don't think it's serious.

MISS DWIGGINS. No. I'll just run and have Violet dissolve a teaspoonful of soda—— (*Goes toward R.*)

MRS. SCOTT (*following*). You'll do nothing of the sort. I am going to send her——

MISS DWIGGINS. Now, Mary, be sensible.

(*MRS. SCOTT and MISS DWIGGINS speak together, gesturing violently to each other.*)

MRS. SCOTT. I will not be sensible. Goodness knows, I have had more experience in the sick-room than you ever dreamed of. For six weeks before Mr. Scott died he ate nothing but capsules.

MISS DWIGGINS. Home remedies are best always. These patent medicines are made of laudanum—solid laudanum. They kill more people every year than home remedies ever cure. Capsules!

(*Exeunt, R.*)

HOPE (*gathering up flowers*). What can be the matter with Bob? (*Starts to arrange flowers in vase. Enter STEWART, L.*) Oh, there you are. Are you ill?

STEWART. No, not in the least. Have your aunt and her trailer——

HOPE (*reprovingly*). Now, don't be disrespectful.

STEWART. Then we'd better change the subject.

HOPE (*with pretended solemnity*). I was so frightened when I heard you were ill.

THE SOPHOMORE

STEWART (*grasping both her hands as she arranges flowers*).
Were you?

(They pause, looking at each other across the table.)

HOPE (*presently, withdrawing her hands*). You mustn't do that.

STEWART (*going around the table after her*). Why not?

(She retreats before him, and coming around in front of sofa, sits down at left end of it.)

HOPE (*thoughtfully*). Because you haven't made good yet.

STEWART. What's that mean?

HOPE. You came here with the intention of preparing yourself to pass an examination in order that you might play in the game. If you don't accomplish the rest of the things in your life any better than you have done that, you aren't much of a—well—a man.

STEWART (*impressively*). Don't worry about me. I'm going to play in the game.

(She looks at him keenly.)

HOPE. You think you can pass the examination? Because I don't.

STEWART (*not looking at her*). I know I can pass it.

(HOPE looks at him but he does not look at her.)

HOPE. How is it you are so sure now? You were not sure ten minutes ago.

STEWART (*lightly*). Oh, yes, I was.

HOPE (*impressively*). Bobby, I heard Mr. Bannister say as he went down-stairs—"Oh, you leave it to me. I know just where the questions are." What did that mean?

STEWART (*hesitating*). Mean? Why—it—how should I know? Did he say anything else?

HOPE. No. Then you haven't an idea what it meant?

STEWART. There are a great many things it might mean.
(Aside.) I mustn't give the boys away.

HOPE. Such as?

STEWART. Oh, I don't know. *(Looks defiantly at her.)*
What are you driving at, Hope?

THE SOPHOMORE

HOPE. Are you keeping something from me, or are you not? (*Pause.*)

STEWART (*presently*). I am keeping something from you. (*Rises.*) But it is nothing I am ashamed of.

HOPE (*coldly*). I think we both understand each other, Bobby. I must admit I thought better of you.

STEWART (*pleadingly*). Hope, you mustn't —

(*Enter VIOLET, L.*)

VIOLET. Some more o' them Swarthmores down-stairs, Mr. Stewart.

STEWART. Show them up. (*Hastily.*) No, no, I'll go down.

HOPE (*quietly*). Show them up. I'm going.

VIOLET. Yes'm.

(*Exit, L.*)

STEWART. It's—it's Kennedy and Bannister, I guess.

HOPE (*pointedly*). Very likely.

STEWART. Hope, would you mind letting me see them alone? And look here, I don't know what's worrying you, but I think you're wrong. You don't understand everything.

HOPE (*significantly*). I understand enough. I'm going. If they want to smoke, let them. There are the matches.

STEWART. Where? Hope—you don't trust me!

HOPE. There! (*Takes box of matches from mantel, and places them on table.*) Do you trust yourself? Oh, Bobby, I thought you were fair and square!

(*She turns to go out R., sees screen up R., hesitates, and slips behind it. STEWART stands by table, with an anxious expression. Suddenly he picks up match-box from table, looks at it, gives it a caressing pat, and lays it down.*)

(*Enter BANNISTER, BROWN, KENNEDY, HENDRICKS and SIMMS, L. As they enter STEWART quickly takes box of matches again from table, and holds it in his hand.*)

STEWART. Hello, fellows.

THE SOPHOMORE

BROWN. Hello. You're all r-r-right, old man. We got 'em. Huh-huh-haven't we, Bannister?

BANNISTER. You bet we have. When old pie-face Alden was in his class-room putting the seniors to sleep with an overdose of Applied Physics, we boosted Brown through the transom of his office. Talk about a camel going through the eyehole of a needle! Why, man, Brown had that Bible story beat to a frazzle. He went through, and pulled the transom after him, and the way they both hit the floor together was glorious! Brown is the best heavy weight diver in captivity. And bounce! He was a regular India rubber ball when he once hit the floor. And right in a nice pigeonhole were the questions—the Golden Fleece—which I have the honor to present to you.

(Lays paper on table. STEWART has been nervously shifting from one foot to the other.)

STEWART *(mechanically)*. Thank you, fellows; thank you, fellows.

BANNISTER. Now, you're going to play to-morrow. Poor old Wilton!

(They join hands and dance around him in a circle.)

ALL. Poor—old—Wilton; poor—old—Wilton!

(STEWART escapes, and stands behind table.)

STEWART. Fellows, I thank you for your friendship, and loyalty to the university. I want you to know I appreciate your motive in what you have done. You knew it was the dearest wish of my life to play in that game, and you have given me the opportunity.

BANNISTER. Hurrah!

BROWN. Hear, hear! *(HOPE covers her face with her hands and exits, R. BROWN puts cigarette in mouth.)*
E-e-everything ends happily. Who has a muh-muh-match?

STEWART *(looking on table, then remembering he has match-box in his left hand)*. Here's a light.

(Strikes a match and hands it to BROWN, who lights cigarette.)

THE SOPHOMORE

BANNISTER. Come on, fellows. That's done. Let's beat it. Good luck to you, Bobby.

(He moves toward door, L., and others follow.)

STEWART. Wait a minute, boys. I said you had given me the opportunity to uphold the honor of the university. Well, there's only one way, fellows, to uphold that honor, and that's by being straight and aboveboard—always. I can't use those questions.

(He strikes another match, picks up paper from table, sets fire to it, and holds it.)

BANNISTER. Stewart, you're crazy!

STEWART. No, Kink, not yet. I won't let this burn me. I think I'm going to pass that exam., all right. But I'm going to be fair and square about it, boys. Fair and square!

(STEWART drops the last bit of charred paper on the floor, puts his foot on it, and stands with head erect. He still holds the match-box in his hand.)

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE.—*Office of Athletic Association, overlooking football field. Cheering off stage.*

(*Enter BANNISTER, L., with megaphone.*)

BANNISTER. Thank my stars, the half is over. We couldn't have held them another minute longer. (*Singing heard off. Air, "We won't be home till morning."*)

Oh, we won't do a thing to old Lakeville,
We won't do a thing to old Lakeville,
We're going to win to-day.

(*BANNISTER goes to window.*) Sing, confound you! Sing! But you haven't won the game yet, old Wilton! (*Goes to telephone.*) Central, give me the Physics Department, quick. Hello! Is Professor Alden there?Well, where is he? (*Slams down receiver.*) Hang it! Why in the thunder can't some one find him?

(*Rushes out, L.*)

(*Enter STEWART and KENNEDY, R., in football clothes, wrapped up in blankets. KENNEDY rushes to telephone.*)

KENNEDY. Hello, Central!.....Physics Department—quick as you can, please.....Hello! Physics Department?Is Professor Alden there?.....Oh, this makes me tired! (*Slams down receiver.*) Where in thunder is he? What's the use of you taking the examination, if Alden won't tell you whether you passed?

(*Exit STEWART and BANNISTER, L.*)

(*Enter BROWN, R.*)

BROWN (*going to telephone*). Hello! Fuh-Fuh-Physics D-D-Department.....I w-w-wish you would tell me, please, if Pro-Professor A-A-Alden is there?.....I b-beg your pardon.....W-what?.....Who are you suh-swear-

THE SOPHOMORE

ing at?.....I'll come over there and b-break your h-head for you. (*Hangs up receiver.*) C-can't understand why old A-Alden hasn't r-reported about Stewart's uh-uh-examination.

(*Enter VIOLET, R. Rushes over and catches at coat as he is going. She is very much dressed, wearing yards of Lakeville ribbon, carrying a Lakeville flag, etc.*)

VIOLET. Say, mister !

BROWN. What — (Turns.) Hello, Violet !

VIOLET. Hello, Brownny. Say, what's the score ?

BROWN. N-nothing nothing.

VIOLET. Oh, quit your kidding. What's the score, kid ?

(*Fingers his coat lapels.*)

BROWN. No f-fooling. It's n-nix to nix.

VIOLET. Oh, cripey me ! Oh, spingo ! ! Lakeville ain't scored ! (*Fetches herself a crack on the cheek.*) Gee ! What a bump ! (*Goes over to him, and gets him by the lapels again.*) Say, give it to me straight. Is Stewy playing ?

BROWN. No, he is not, and that's just the trouble.

VIOLET (*sitting down in revolving chair*). Oh, ain't that the limit ? (*Kicks her feet up and down impatiently on the floor.*) Gee ! I could bite nails ! (*Takes a good start, and spins all the way round in chair.*) Say, I'm going home. If Stewy ain't a-playing, what's the use ? (*Starts to go.*)

(*Enter LIVINGSTONE, R. Goes to 'phone.*)

LIVINGSTONE. Give me the Physics Department.

BROWN. Say, old man, that's no good. He isn't there. I called up a minute ago.

LIVINGSTONE. Did you ? Central, give me Professor Alden's house. (*Waits.*) No answer?.....Give me the Dean's office.....Hello ! Is Professor Alden there?Is any one there?.....Well, can you tell me whether Professor Alden made any report on the examination Mr. Stewart took this morning?.....Well, when do you suppose he will report on it?.....Next summer ? (*Hangs up receiver.*) Well, if the faculty of this university isn't the darnedest, slowest bunch of

THE SOPHOMORE

pinheads ever created ! Here we delayed the game a whole half hour and we haven't heard yet.

VIOLET. Say, Livy, who's taking Stewy's place ?

LIVINGSTONE. Who's taking his place ! Nobody ! Nobody ! Red-headed Taylor is playing on the team, but there's nobody taking Stewart's place. If I had him five minutes in the game there might be a show. (*Goes toward L.*) This is what comes of faculty intervention. I don't see how they expect a coach to turn out a team, if they are going to make the football men study. A man can't do two things at once, and the sooner the faculty finds it out the better.

BROWN. Hold 'em duh-duh-down to it this next half, Livingstone. We gu-gu-got to beat 'em.

LIVINGSTONE. Beat 'em ! I see us ! Kennedy has a bad knee, and as soon as he goes out it's a walk-over.

(*Exit, L.*)

VIOLET. Ain't it awful ?

BROWN. I h-hate to think of it. (*Whistle blows outside.*) There goes the second half. I s-suppose I'll have to go out and see the s-slaughter.

(*Exit, L. VIOLET goes to window.*)

VIOLET. Here comes the Wilton team. (*Cheer without.*) Aw, go on, you big beefs. I wisht I was a man. I'd wipe up the field with you. Here comes Lakeville. (*Cheer without.*) Hurrah ! Hurrah ! (*Waves large, loud, fancy handkerchief.*) Hurrah for Kennedy ! Oh, you kid ! (*Jumps up and down.*) Ain't it exciting ? Oh, I can't see nothing from here.

(*Exit, L. Cheering outside.*)

(*Enter presently, MRS. SCOTT and Miss DWIGGINS, L.*)

MISS DWIGGINS. I declare, Mary Scott, I am not going back in that stand again. In the first part I saw a man deliberately stick his thumb in his opponent's eye.

MRS. SCOTT. Not *op-pon-ent*, *op-ponent*, Matilda, dear.

MISS DWIGGINS. Mary Scott, I declare you're getting worse. *Op-ponent* is a miserable affectation. No one but people wishing to pretend they were very learned would use such a pronunciation.

THE SOPHOMORE

MRS. SCOTT. That isn't true. Old Mr. Cunningham always said "*op-ponent*."

MISS DWIGGINS (*stamping her foot*). Bother Mr. Cunningham!

MRS. SCOTT (*reprovingly*). No blasphemy, Matilda.

MISS DWIGGINS (*turning her back*). Mary Scott, I am not going to talk to you a minute more. I am going out to see the game.

MRS. SCOTT. Oh, you are afraid there may be some one who hasn't seen your brown dress.

MISS DWIGGINS (*stamping her foot*). I am not.

(Flounces off at L.)

MRS. SCOTT (*looking at self in mirror*). I suppose I will have to go too. (*Arranges hat.*) I want Mrs. Buckingham, who is sitting behind me, to have a perfectly good look at this hat. (*Smiles sweetly.*) And I know she won't enjoy a minute of the game afterward.

(Exit, L. Cheering without.)

(Enter STEWART, L.)

STEWART (*going to window*). Wilton's cheering again. Lakeville can't do a thing against them. (*Turns away.*) I hate to look at it. When I see them lining up, I can't keep still. I want to play.

(Sinks down on chair.)

(Enter HOPE, L.)

HOPE (*looking out window*). Wilton's ball. I couldn't stand it any longer. (*Sees STEWART. Carelessly.*) Why, I thought you were out on the field.

STEWART (*jumping up, and taking both her hands*). Thunder! I'm glad to see you, Hope. (*She pulls her hands away.*) If there ever was a blue sophomore, I'm it. Haven't heard a word from your father, and Wilton is hammering the mischief out of us.

HOPE (*coldly*). I wonder that you have the assurance to speak to me.

STEWART. Well, I can't help it if your father——

HOPE. It would serve you exactly right if you did not hear

THE SOPHOMORE

- until to-morrow. (*Goes toward door.*) I don't believe there ever was a man born that could be trusted.
- STEWART (*catching her hand*). Why, Hope.
- HOPE (*taking her hand away*). Don't touch me. I hate you.
- STEWART (*in surprise*). Any reason? I mean, any especial reason?
- HOPE (*with irony*). Any reason? Bobby, if I had thought you would do it —
- STEWART. Now, stop right there. Do what?
- HOPE (*with intent to impress*). I saw them give you the examination questions. (*STEWART turns away from her and looks out of window.*) You may well turn your face away in shame. (*He faces her laughing.* HOPE, *aghast.*) Bobby!
- STEWART (*with pretended severity*). Aren't you ashamed to eavesdrop?
- HOPE (*defiantly*). No, I'm not.
- STEWART. Then you should have stayed longer.

(HOPE *stares at him.*)

- HOPE. Why—what do you mean?
- STEWART. Oh, nothing. Say, you should have seen the boys' faces when I burned the paper.
- HOPE. Bobby! Did you burn those questions! Without reading them! (*STEWART nods. She tosses up her muff. Then she pulls off her right glove.*) So that was the meaning of the burnt paper on the floor! I humbly apologize, Mr. Stewart. I have wronged you. I—oh, please say you forgive me. I want to disappear right through the floor, I am so ashamed. But when Mr. Bannister and the others came in yesterday you knew they were bringing the questions—didn't you?
- STEWART. Well—yes.
- HOPE. But you didn't intend to use them. I see. Why didn't you tell me? You knew I suspected you.
- STEWART. Yes. But the boys had been awfully good to me, you know—and it meant so much to them to have me pass. They didn't see how it—well, you understand.
- HOPE. I understand. There was no reason why you should tell.
- STEWART. But why didn't you tell your father?

THE SOPHOMORE

HOPE (*confused*). Why—I thought up to the last minute you might come to me and tell me all about it. And —well, I guess I couldn't quite believe you'd do it, after all. I kept saying to myself, "He won't, I know he won't." Do you forgive me?

STEWART (*gravely*). Thank you, Hope. (*Smiles.*) I won't forgive you, because there's nothing to forgive.

HOPE. Sure?

STEWART. Sure.

HOPE (*sitting down on desk and drawing sigh*). But I'm so relieved to know you didn't do it. But tell me. How about the examination?

STEWART. I spent nearly all last night studying, and I think I passed. Though I am afraid it will not do much good if we can't find your father.

HOPE. I don't know what father can be thinking of.

STEWART. It's worse than that. I don't know where he is thinking it.

(*She perches on desk, he sits in chair beside desk.*)

HOPE. Well, if you didn't learn the physics after all that preparation, I'm afraid this (*knocking on his head with her knuckles*) is not porous.

STEWART (*taking both her hands*). Hope —

HOPE (*letting him keep them*). Hello!

STEWART. You've been more than decent to me.

HOPE. But that's because you are so nice.

(*STEWART takes a long look up into her eyes.*)

STEWART. Hope, listen.

HOPE. Oh, Bobby, I have an idea.

STEWART. What?

HOPE. I think I know where father is.

STEWART (*jumping up*). Listen to that!

(*Cheering without. STEWART runs to window, and turns away with a despairing gesture, as BROWN stalks in L., dashes his cap on floor, and throws himself on couch with a groan.*)

BROWN. Oh, puh-puh-pickles. I cuh-cuh-couldn't stand it any longer. They have the ball on our twenty yuh-yard line!

THE SOPHOMORE

HOPE. Mr. Brown, I think I know where father is.

(BROWN makes a flying leap for the telephone.)

BROWN (*excitedly*). Wuh-wuh-where? K-K-quick?

HOPE. At the observatory. There is no 'phone there. You must send some one.

BROWN. Huh-huh-huh-central, g-g-give me the A-A-Alfalfa Delt house. Hello.....Is that the—uh—is that the Alfalfa—dud-dud-Delt house?.....That you, P-Perkins?.....This is Mr. B-Brown.....Say, suh-suh-send some one over to the observatory to tell Professor Alden to c-c-come to the field ruh-ruh-right away.....Do you hear?.....Kuh-kuh-kuh-kuh-quick.....Yes! At once!

(Hangs up receiver, picks up cap, and exits, L.)

HOPE (*throwing up her muff*). Hurrah!

STEWART (*gloomily*). Too late now. The game is most over.

HOPE. Pessimist! Look at the doughnut, not the hole.

STEWART. But if they only could find your father! Hope, I'd give my hand to be in that game.

HOPE (*mischievously*). Well, give it to me, instead.

STEWART. Careful. You may get something you don't want.

HOPE (*laughing*). Not afraid.

(*He goes quickly toward her. She retreats, laughing, goes back of desk, down on left side of it, and coming round the front, sits on chair. He follows her.*)

STEWART. Hope, I love you. Look at me. Tell me, have I a chance? (*She turns away, facing R. He moves around so as to get in front of her.*) All the angels in heaven are mere incidents compared to you. All the stars in heaven look like—like burnt matches beside you. Look here. Don't you care for me, Hope? (*She turns, facing back. He follows her.*) Don't turn away from me. I love you. (*She turns, facing L. He follows around the desk, and stands with his hands on it, looking at her.*) I love you. (*She turns front. He rushes after her, takes both her*

THE SOPHOMORE

hands, and sits on desk, holding them so she has to look at him.) I love you. I love you. I love you.
HOPE (*smiling*). Oh, Bobby, I don't know —

(*Enter BROWN and GRIGGS, L., suddenly.*)

(*STEWART and HOPE spring away, trying to look unconscious. BROWN is too much excited to notice. GRIGGS turns as though trying not to see, and looks out window.*)

BROWN (*breathlessly*). K-Kennedy is hurt.

STEWART (*recovering composure*). What!

BROWN. Yes. A-afraid he's d-down and out. L-last scrimmage he was under the p-pile. Wuh-wasn't he, Griggs?

GRIGGS. Yes, I believe you are justified in that statement.

STEWART (*gloomily*). That's the hardest luck I ever heard of.

(*HOPE sinks, depressed, into a chair.*)

HOPE. This is a gloomy day for Lakeville.

BROWN. That's what I say. Here's suh-Stewart out of the g-game, and Kennedy hurt, with only t-t-ten minutes more to p-play. If he could only have l-lasted till the end of the g-game.

STEWART (*excitedly*). Where's the ball?

(*Rushes to window.*)

BROWN. It's on our t-t-twenty yard line, isn't it, Griggs?

GRIGGS (*judicially*). Well, it may be the twenty-one yard line, perhaps, or—ah! (*Listens. Cheering without.*)

HOPE. What's that?

STEWART. They're taking Kennedy off.

GRIGGS. Most distressing. Excuse me.

(*Exit, R.*)

BROWN. Let's give them r-room. They'll bring him through here. It's n-nearer. (*They stand aside.*)

(*Enter, L., KENNEDY, wrapped in blankets, supported by LIVINGSTONE and BANNISTER, followed by SIMMS and HENDRICKS.*)

THE SOPHOMORE

STEWART. Hard luck, Bud.

KENNEDY. I'm a fool, Bobby. I'm a fool to let them put me out, and only five minutes more. We could have held them to a tie.

LIVINGSTONE. Now, now, don't talk, old man.

KENNEDY (*to STEWART*). Great heavens, man! If you were only in the game!

STEWART (*soothingly*). Never mind, boy, we haven't lost yet.

KENNEDY. Think of us losing to Wilton. We ought to close the university.

(*Exeunt, L., LIVINGSTONE, KENNEDY, BANNISTER, SIMMS and HENDRICKS.*)

(*Whistle blows without. HOPE, BROWN and STEWART go to window.*)

BROWN. There they g-go. Oh, ye gods! They're t-tearing us up. F-five yards at a clip. There they go again. (*Jumps up and down in despair.*) T-t-ten yards more and they will be uh-uh-over.

STEWART (*grimly*). If I were only there.

BROWN. What's that? Time! Lakeville man hurt.

(*They are all intently looking out of the window.*)

(*Enter GRIGGS, R.*)

GRIGGS. Here, this way, Professor Alden.

(*Enter ALDEN, R. Stands in middle of floor, looks about him uncertainly. Polishes his glasses absently.*)

ALDEN. There's something on my mind I had to tell some one. I wonder—I wonder what it could be? If my daughter Hope were here! She sometimes remembers these things.

(*Enter BANNISTER, SIMMS and HENDRICKS, L.*)

BANNISTER (*seeing ALDEN*). Fellows! Fellows! Here's Professor Alden!

(*They all rush to him and surround him.*)

BROWN. How about it, Professor?

THE SOPHOMORE

STEWART (*nervously*). Quick! Tell me quick!
HOPE (*with impatience*). Father! Father! Did Mr. Stewart pass?

(ALDEN sinks into chair.)

ALDEN (*slapping thigh*). Bless—my—soul! The very thing. Fancy my forgetting.

BROWN. Quick! For heaven's sake, quick!

BANNISTER. Did he pass?

ALDEN. Well, now, gentlemen, I will tell you. I examined the papers myself, and then in order to make sure, turned them over —

(*Every one is dancing about with impatience.*)

HOPE (*catching his arm*). Now, father, dear, just one word. Did he pass?

ALDEN. My dear, I am proud to say, he passed.

(*All throw up hats and blankets, and muffs, etc., cheering wildly.*)

(*Exeunt BROWN, BANNISTER, SIMMS, HENDRICKS and GRIGGS, taking STEWART with them, L. Great cheering without, accompanied by tin horns, rattles, etc., etc.*)

HOPE. Father, father, listen to them! (*Goes to window.*) There he goes. You were just in time. Where were you?

ALDEN. I forgot. I'm an old fool. I was taking a walk. I forgot all about it.

(*He sits down in chair. Whistle blows.*)

HOPE. There they go! There they go! Oh! oh! oh! They held them. Yes, they held them! (*Cheer without.*) Father, they held them!

ALDEN (*absently*). I rejoice with you, my dear.

HOPE. What are they doing now? A try for a goal. Oh, it's going to be a trick. Bobby, be careful! There! It is a trick. A forward pass. Bobby, Bobby, Bobby! Get it! Get it! Oh, I shall die! Bobby has the ball! (*Wild cheer without.* HOPE jumps up and down.) The game is saved! Oh, you Bobby!

THE SOPHOMORE

They—haven't—got—him—yet. Oh, you great big Wilton! *He missed him. (Cheer without.)* He's still going. Be still, my heart! Go on, Bobby! Go on! Go on! Push—him! Push—him—away! He's by! He's past! It's all over. *(Wild cheers without. Whistling, tin horns, cow bells, etc. HOPE shouts.)* A touch-down! A touch-down!

(Tears down flag from wall and waves it out of window.)

ALDEN. Bless me, what pandemonium. We are evidently approaching a crucial point in the contest. *(HOPE sinks exhausted into chair.)* What has occurred, Hope, my dear?

HOPE *(excitedly)*. Bobby has scored a touch-down.

ALDEN. Is that considered a desirable thing?

HOPE. Yes, father, very.

ALDEN *(complacently)*. Then by bringing the news of Mr. Stewart's examination, I, personally, have won the game. How excessively droll.

(Exit, L.)

(Cheer without.)

HOPE. A goal! *(Waves her flag.)* The game is over.

(Enter BANNISTER, BROWN, SIMMS, LIVINGSTONE and HENDRICKS, shouting, carrying STEWART on their shoulders. They sit him down, and, joining hands, dance in a circle around him, yelling madly.)

BROWN. N-nine rahs for Stewart.

ALL *(quickly)*. Rah—rah—rah! Rah—rah—rah! Rah—rah—rah! Stewart! Stewart! Stewart!

BANNISTER. Speech!

STEWART. Shut up, Kink.

ALL. Speech!

(They lift STEWART up on desk.)

STEWART. I'll get you for this, Kink.

ALL. Speech! Sh-h-h-h.

STEWART. Gentlemen—— *(Wild cheer.)* It is a great pleasure to me—pleasure to me——

BROWN *(prompting)*. P-personally——

THE SOPHOMORE

STEWART. Personally—oh, cut it, Buster, I didn't want to say that—to have been in the game. (*Cheers.*) I'm glad I was fortunate enough to make a score. (*Cheers.*) I am glad for myself, for you (*seeing HOPE*), and I am glad for—for you. Thank you. (*Wild cheers.*)

BANNISTER (*looking out of window*). They're beginning the snake dance. Oh, come on, fellows. Let's get in it. Whoop!

(*Exeunt, still cheering, all but HOPE and STEWART, L.*)

HOPE (*rushing at him, and throwing her arms about him*). Bobby!

STEWART (*seizing her, and then letting go quickly*). I'm all over mud. Look at you.

(*She backs away. Her suit is covered with dust.*)

HOPE. I don't care. I regret that I have only one suit to spoil for my Bobby.

STEWART (*holding her at arm's length, and smiling at her teasingly*). But see here. When I asked you if you loved me a few minutes ago, you said you didn't know. How about it?

HOPE (*hiding her face against his arm*). Oh, Bobby, I always knew. Always.

CURTAIN

The Junior

The Junior

CHARACTERS

EDWARD MOORE	<i>The Junior</i>
"JIMMY" MONROE	}	<i>Other Juniors</i>
"THIN" SMITH		
"DEMOSTHENES" MERWYN	}	<i>Seniors</i>
"SILK" RICKETTS		
"WILLY" ROCKWELL		
THOMAS J. HIGHFIELD	<i>A Captain of Finance</i>
PRESIDENT FOWLER	<i>Of Lakeville University</i>
JANET HALE	<i>Highfield's niece</i>
MABEL GRAY	}	<i>Visiting Lakeville</i>
VERDA GRISWOLD		
VIOLET	<i>Who was born there</i>
<i>Seniors and Juniors, students of the University.</i>		

TIME OF PLAYING :—Two hours.

STORY OF THE PLAY

Ned Moore, a Junior in Lakeville University, and an amateur actor, has been "joshed" by the Seniors and determines to get even with them. He therefore starts a rumor that the University is to admit "co-eds," and in order to give color to the rumor dresses himself as a girl and poses as a girl student who has just arrived in Lakeville. The Seniors are fooled. They get up a mass meeting to protest against coeducation. Intending to ride "the new co-ed" out of town on a board, they run across Janet Hale, a visitor, and niece of Highfield, a rich man who has been thinking of endow-

STORY OF THE PLAY

ing the University. They put Janet on the board, and Highfield, who is very angry, withdraws his offer of an endowment. The Faculty decide to expel the Seniors. Then Moore, who has got the Seniors into the scrape, ingeniously gets them out of it, and at the same time wins Janet, with whom he is in love.

Same scene, the college campus, for all three acts.

ACT I.—The Seniors poke fun at Ned Moore and the Juniors.

“I’ll make the whole Senior class ridiculous.” Moore meets Janet. “I didn’t know you were here.” Violet and Moore. “I ain’t as dumb as I look.” “No, how could you be?” Violet says she’s going to be a Freshman. Moore decides to start a “co-ed” scare. “I’ll be the co-ed.” “Down with Coeducation!” The Seniors call a mass meeting.

ACT II.—The Juniors dress Moore as a “co-ed” in a white dress. “I feel as fresh as a *débutante*.” “You’re fresh, all right.” Janet and Moore. “For goodness’ sake, Neddy, don’t propose in that costume!” The Seniors, chasing Moore, catch Janet, also dressed in white. Highfield stops the performance. “I tell you it’s my niece!”

ACT III.—Violet studying Latin. “Willy, I ain’t strong for it. *Amo, amas, amat!* That ain’t no way to talk to a lady!” Moore despondent. “They’re going to expel the Seniors.” Moore tries to pacify Highfield. Moore and Janet. “Will you marry me?” “Yes, Ned.” Moore, in Janet’s cloak, succeeds in fooling Highfield, who yields. “I’ll give the University its endowment!” The Seniors saved, and everybody happy.

COSTUMES

- MOORE. Acts I and III, neat blue suit, pumps, cap. Act II, girl's white linen suit, girl's summer hat, white veil, pumps.
- MONROE. Neat, but a little exaggerated. Very small cap, dark suit, turned up trousers, gay stockings.
- SMITH. Black suit, unpressed, Derby hat, patent-leather shoes.
- MERWYN. Acts I and III, loud checked suit, brilliant colored hat. Act II, no coat—bright pink shirt.
- RICKETTS. Act I, dark suit, yellow necktie, yellow socks, pumps. Act II, corduroy trousers, blue shirt, yellow necktie. Act III, dark suit, chamois gloves, cane, Derby hat, russet shoes.
- ROCKWELL. Same in every particular as Ricketts.
- HIGHFIELD. Check suit of a stylish pattern, gray spats, light felt hat, large watch-chain. Act III, long motor-ing coat.
- FOWLER. Cutaway coat, gray Fedora hat, a trifle too small.
- JANET. Act I, light summer frock, lingerie hat, pumps. Act II, white linen suit, summer hat, white veil, and in all respects same as Moore, except that she wears a rose. Act II, cloth suit, fall hat, motoring coat reaching to ground, and long veil.
- MABEL AND VERDA. Acts I and II, smart, trim afternoon dresses, lingerie hats, parasols. Act III, walking suits, fall hats, gloves. Always very stylish.
- VIOLET. Skirt and shirt-waist of different materials. Start-ing colored hair ribbon of generous size. Act III. Badly fitting coat over the above.

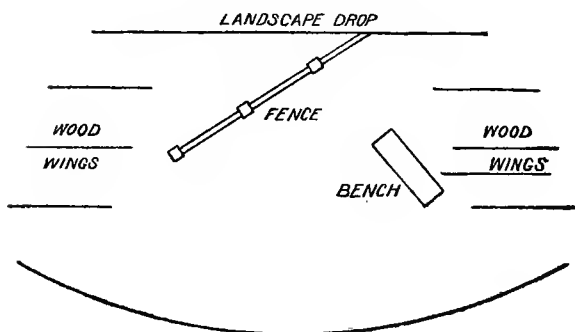
PROPERTIES

ACT I.—Matches, pipes for SMITH and MERWYN, box of cigarettes. Placards "Down with Coeducation." Rose for JANET.

ACT II.—Cigarette, parasol, drums, tin horns, megaphone, bell, book, suit case, board.

ACT III.—Book, camera, automobile, cloak and veil, drums, tin horns.

SCENE PLOT



The Junior

ACT I

SCENE.—*The campus of Lakeville University. Landscape drop and wood wings. Fence up R., and bench L., as shown in scene plot.*

(*Enter L., "SILK" RICKETTS with MABEL GRAY, and "WILLY" ROCKWELL with VERDA GRISWOLD. The two Seniors carry girls' wraps, etc., and are evidently "showing them around."*)

RICKETTS (*waving arm toward fence*). On the right we have the Old Fence.

MABEL (*putting up lorgnette and speaking calmly*). How thrilling. Er—what is it used for?

RICKETTS. Used for! Do you mean that you have never heard of the Old Fence?

MABEL. }
VERDA. } Never.

RICKETTS (*to ROCKWELL*). Well, what do you think of that? Why, for seventy-seven —

ROCKWELL. Seventy-eight.

RICKETTS. Yes—seventy-eight years, all the Seniors have perched on that old top rail and told their stories, and made their plans, and sung their songs.

MABEL. Just imagine. The Seniors. How in-teresting.

ROCKWELL. Yes—the Seniors. No member of a lower class would dare to sit on the fence.

VERDA. How thril-ling. How about the Senior girls—the co-eds? Do they sit there too?

RICKETTS }
ROCKWELL } (*together, shocked*). Co-eds!

ROCKWELL. There are no co-eds at Lakeville.

RICKETTS (*firmly*). There never will be co-eds at Lakeville University.

THE JUNIOR

VERDA. Oh, I heard that rich Mr. Highfield was going to give the money for a woman's department—or something. He's awfully interested in coeducation, you know.

ROCKWELL. Never! (*Attitude.*) We wouldn't take the money.

MABEL. Oh, don't you like girls?

ROCKWELL. We adore them (*smiling*) as visitors.

RICKETTS. But not as co-eds.

MABEL. What an in-teresting distinction!

ROCKWELL (*quickly, pointing off*). Over there is the Library, with the tower. And far over there you see College Hall, donated by Peter McGuire in 1872.

VERDA (*with restraint*). Isn't it divine!

ROCKWELL. Many a rush has been fought out to the bitter end on the steps of that old building. Why, the Sophomores —

MABEL. Oh, Mr. Rockwell, are you a Sophomore or an Alfalfa Chi?

ROCKWELL (*looking at her a moment pityingly*). Yes, indeed. Come on, there's just time to show you the old cannon, before you go.

(*Exeunt all, R.*)

(*Enter "THIN" SMITH and "JIMMY" MONROE, L.*)

SMITH. Who are the dames with Ricketts and Rockwell? (*Points L.*)

MONROE (*climbing on fence*). Don't know their names. Ned Moore calls 'em The Bonehead Twins. He met 'em at the shore this summer.

SMITH (*climbing on fence*). We must get him to introduce us. Well, here we are back in college as Juniors, old man.

MONROE. It's taken me all summer to realize I am no longer a Sophomore.

SMITH. There is something exhilarating in being an upper classman.

MONROE. Sitting here on the Senior fence just as if we owned it, and the Seniors wouldn't order us off if they saw us.

SMITH. The Seniors! (*Laughs contemptuously.*) Don't talk to me about the Seniors. This present Senior class

THE JUNIOR

is a disgrace to the University. (*Enter "DEMOS-THENES" MERWYN, RICKETTS and ROCKWELL, R., unseen.*) That's right. They wouldn't hurt any one, you know. They're just a minus quantity—that's what they are!

(MERWYN, RICKETTS and ROCKWELL go through pantomime of rolling up their sleeves, clenching fists and general preparations for assault.)

MONROE. Yes, the Seniors haven't the spunk of a guinea-pig. Peace is their motto; and always has been—like a lot of motherly monks. Well, we'll show 'em a thing or two this year.

MERWYN. Oh, you will, eh! (MERWYN, RICKETTS and ROCKWELL rush forward with a yell, pull the Juniors over backward from the fence, drag them or push them around the end of the fence and over to the bench, L. While they are lying on the ground the Seniors put the bench on top of them.) Ah, yes, peace is the motto of us Seniors!

RICKETTS. Wouldn't hurt any one, hey? Watch us!

ROCKWELL. Guinea-pigs, did you say? And what was that about monks?

(*They hammer the Juniors. MONROE and SMITH upset bench, regain their feet and start for the Seniors. Enter EDWARD MOORE, L.; catches MONROE and SMITH.*)

MOORE. Not that way, boys. Upper classmen don't squabble like Freshmen. (*Looks significantly at MERWYN, RICKETTS and ROCKWELL.*) Except a very peculiar kind of upper classmen.

RICKETTS. Oh, what are you giving us?

MERWYN. Wisdom from babes.

ROCKWELL. Little Neddy Moore, the famous female impersonator.

(*Seniors all go off into merry laughs.*)

RICKETTS (*climbing on fence*). I never had such a glorious time in my life as I did when Moore was a girl in the Sophomore play last spring.

(MERWYN and ROCKWELL lean against fence. They light cigarettes. The Juniors are around bench, L.)

MERWYN. A girl! Was Neddy a girl? You mean a cow, don't you?

(Seniors laugh immoderately.)

MOORE (sarcastically, to MONROE and SMITH). Let's sit down and listen to this witty conversation of the Seniors.

(Juniors sit on bench.)

RICKETTS. Oh, it will be witty, I assure you. Did you know we have a co-ed in this University, Merwyn? Neddy Moore is it. (Laughs heartily.)

MERWYN. Let's hear about Neddy in skirts.

MOORE (with deadly calm). By all means.

RICKETTS. Well, the Sophomores gave a play by one Shakespeare called "As You Like It." Say, the very title was a scream in itself, because no one did like it,—except the cornetist in the orchestra, who got so much in the spirit of the performance he played the dead march from Saul for incidental music. (Seniors laugh uproariously.) Monroe, here, played Outlando—I mean Orlando—and every time he bowed he split his tights in a different place, until the audience was simply in hysterics.

MONROE (icily). This is humor. Real Senior humor, Moore.

MOORE. Funny? I never heard anything quite so funny in my life. Go on, Ricketts.

RICKETTS. But the best thing of all —

MONROE (to MOORE). Get ready to scream. This is going to be the funniest thing yet.

RICKETTS. You bet it is. Moore—our Neddy Moore—was Rosalind, mind you. When he entered, the entire audience held its breath. He cleared the distance from the back drop to the footlights in two mighty strides, and shouted his lines in a sweet bass voice that shook the box-office. And when Orlando, in an earnest endeavor to embrace the fair one, got his sword tangled up in her feet and threw her flat on her face, that finished the audience. The place exploded. I was with two dames, and say, you ought to have heard them laugh! I was sore myself for a week.

THE JUNIOR

(MERWYN, RICKETTS *and* ROCKWELL *laugh immoderately.*)

MOORE. Now that's the kind of a Senior class we have.
When they were Sophomores they didn't have a play at all, because it was too much trouble.

MONROE (*rising and going to c.*). And Ricketts was given complimentary tickets as president of his class. This is his idea of accepting hospitality.

RICKETTS. Oh, cut the moralizing.

MERWYN. Yes, cut it, Monroe, and give me a match, will you? (*Goes to c. as he takes out pipe.*)

MONROE (*giving him match*). Here.

MERWYN. Thanks.

(*Strikes match on MONROE's trousers instead of his own.*)

MONROE (*to MOORE*). How's that for cheek?

MERWYN. Good-bye, boys. Get up another co-ed play soon, do. (*Laughs.*)

RICKETTS. Yes, do. Ta-ta. (*Laughs.*)

ROCKWELL. So long. And don't you dare sit on that fence again.

(*Exeunt MERWYN, RICKETTS and ROCKWELL, R.*)

(*MOORE, SMITH and MONROE climb up on fence.*)

MOORE (*angrily*). That bunch of Seniors makes me weary.
They are always trying to put the laugh on us.

MONROE. We'll have to turn the tables on them.

MOORE (*excitedly*). You bet we will. I am going to make that whole Senior class ridiculous. I'll make them the laughing stock of the whole University.

MONROE (*eagerly*). How? What's the scheme?

MOORE. Give me time, man.

SMITH. Let's give him air, too. Come on over to the library with me.

MONROE. All right. See you again, Ned. Get it all doped out while we are gone.

MOORE. Trust me.

(*Exeunt MONROE and SMITH, R.*)

(*Enter VIOLET, L.*)

VIOLET. Hello, Baby Moore.

MOORE (*sitting on fence and taking out pipe*). Why, hello, Violet, light of my life.

VIOLET. I thank you, I'm not the light of your life. I'm a Freshman.

(MOORE *puts down the pipe he is about to light*.)

MOORE (*in astonishment*). A what!

VIOLET. A Freshman. No fooling, kid. (*Jumps up on fence beside him*.) Say, listen. President Fowler he hears about me, and he sends for me and says, "Violet, you've sort o' growed—I mean grew—up with the University. I want you to have a little education." And I says, "Oh, law, Doctor, there's nothin' to it! I ain't built that way." But he says yes, I must. You see, mother having kept a perfectly ladylike boarding-house for so many years, every one knows about her and me. He says I was an institution to the University.

MOORE. He meant an imposition.

VIOLET (*with heavy sarcasm*). Ha! Ha! I laugh. Think you're funny, don't you? (*Jumps down from fence*.) Smarty!

MOORE. Well, say, Violet (*VIOLET pauses*), what was the rest of this story?

VIOLET (*coming back, mollified*). Well—Dr. Fowler he says, "Violet, if you will bone up during the summer, you can take a few courses in the college." So I boned up. And say, mister, I ain't as dumb as I look.

MOORE. Certainly not. How could you be?

VIOLET (*unruffled*). I had a little education in the high school—algebra and geography and percentage and double-entry—and —

MOORE (*helpfully*). And triple-get-out.

VIOLET (*gazing at him malevolently*). See here, kid, you're trying to josh me. You better chuck it. You can't sass me. I never did like you yellow-haired boys.

MOORE. Oh, go on with your story.

VIOLET. Well, Dr. Fowler says if I study and do well, next year I can enter with the Freshmen and take one or two courses, free of charge. Ain't that great? Well, so long, Neddy. I got to go.

MOORE. Say, Violet?

VIOLET. Spiel it.

THE JUNIOR

MOORE (*thoughtfully*). You say you'll be a Freshman next year?

VIOLET. You bet you.

MOORE (*still thoughtfully*). We'll have to put you under the pump some night, won't we?

VIOLET (*excitedly*). If you put me under the pump, Ned Moore, I'll—I'll —

MOORE. The water's pretty cold along in November.

VIOLET (*irately*). You dare to put me under the pump. You just dare. (*Flounces over to L.*) I may be a Freshman, but I hope I'll always be a lady.

(*Exit, L.*)

MOORE. I hope so. By Jove, there's an idea. This is a good chance to start a coeducation scare among the Seniors. Coeducation! Oh, my, what a chance! Those Seniors will believe anything.

(*Climbs over fence and sitting on ground with back against fence, begins to work rapidly in note-book.*)

(*Enter JANET HALE and THOMAS J. HIGHFIELD, R.*)

JANET. Uncle, you go on and see President Fowler. I would rather wait here. It is too nice a day to go indoors.

HIGHFIELD (*brusquely*). Oh, no, no. Campus is simply overflowing with men. Wouldn't dare to leave you alone.

JANET (*smiling*). Now, uncle, you wouldn't endow a university unless all the men in it were gentlemen, would you?

HIGHFIELD (*forcibly*). By Jove, if they are not, I won't give them one cent! Not one cent!

JANET. Of course you won't.

HIGHFIELD. Well, stay here, then. I will return presently. Good-bye.

JANET. Good-bye. (*Exit HIGHFIELD, L. JANET is about to sit down on bench L., when she sees MOORE on other side of fence. She stops in surprise.*) I wonder if it could be? Why, it is. I wonder if he has forgotten his old acquaintance? (*She leans on fence and watches him for a while, but MOORE does not look up. Then*

THE JUNIOR

she speaks to him.) Kind sir, would you be so good as to direct me to the School of Civil Engineering?

(MOORE *looks up with start. Looks bewildered, then rises hastily.*)

MOORE (*slowly*). Have I fallen asleep over here? (To JANET.) Now, don't move. It may be all right. (*Goes to her and takes her hand, leaning over fence.*) I take great pleasure in informing you, Janet, that it is not a dream. You are really here.

JANET (*laughing*). Not really.

MOORE. I thought I had gone to sleep. I no more expected to see you here—right here—than one of the angels from heaven—one of the other angels from heaven, I mean. It's wonderful.

JANET (*amused*). Don't you flatter me, Ned Moore. I will not have my affections trifled with.

MOORE. You were inquiring for the School of Civil Engineering?

JANET. So I was.

MOORE. I cannot direct you to it.

JANET (*pretending to be disappointed*). Then what shall I do?

MOORE. But I can direct you to a very comfortable bench. Would that do just as well?

JANET. We might try it. (MOORE *climbs over fence.*)

MOORE. This is the bench.

(*Waves hand toward bench. JANET sits on bench. MOORE stands looking at her.*)

JANET. But you didn't tell me you were a student here.

MOORE (*quietly*). No. When I met you I was clerk in a summer hotel to make money. It sounded snobbish to say, "Oh, no, I'm not a real hotel clerk. I'm just doing it during the summer."

JANET. I hated you for not giving me your address when you left. Why wouldn't you?

MOORE. You were just playing at being interested in me. I did not want to endow you with any uncomfortable obligations.

JANET. Oh, that's so silly. I liked you.

MOORE. Thank you. A kind word in October is worth twenty in July.

THE JUNIOR

JANET. I am glad you seem willing to tolerate me some more. I am going to be here a week.

MOORE (*smiling*). Are you?

JANET. Yes. Uncle and I came up in the auto. He is going to add some money to the endowment fund—if he likes the University men.

MOORE. We study to please.

JANET. He's very strict and straight-laced.

MOORE. We never do anything wrong—almost.

JANET. If he sees a single thing he doesn't like, he will refuse to give his money to the University. You've heard of the Highfield temper?

MOORE (*suddenly*). Is your uncle Mr. John Highfield?

JANET. Yes.

MOORE (*with enthusiasm*). Three times welcome to Lakeville. Your uncle has it in his power to make this University the greatest University in the world.

JANET (*mischievously*). Why, isn't it now?

MOORE (*with pretended seriousness*). Yes. Our football and baseball teams, our glee club, our dramatic association, and our general college spirit have made the world recognize us as an unsurpassed University. But we want to perfect even the small things. We want a strong Faculty.

JANET (*looking off L.*). There's uncle now. I must fly. When shall I see you?

MOORE. This evening.

JANET. Good. We're at the hotel. Good-bye.

(*Exit, L.*)

(*Enter MONROE and SMITH, R., on the run and climb over fence.*)

MONROE. Say, we've been waiting an hour for you to get through fussing that dame. Have you got it?

MOORE. What?

MONROE (*impatiently*). The idea. To get even with the Seniors.

MOORE. Yes, I have it.

MONROE (*excitedly*). } What is it?
SMITH (*stolidly*). }

MOORE. Coeducation. Prexy is known to be in favor of it, isn't he?

THE JUNIOR

MONROE. Sure he is. Remember that speech at commencement—and how the papers talked about it?

SMITH. I certainly do. Ricketts and his crowd were crazy about it.

MOORE. Well, they'll be crazier still before I get far into this. Coeducation. That's the stuff. It is coming. We'll have them holding mass meetings. We'll have the whole University in a turmoil. We'll prove that within a year, unless something stops them, there'll be a thousand co-eds on the campus. And then at the climax of the excitement we'll say, "Bing—it isn't so!" and dodge the bricks.

MONROE. But will they believe it?

MOORE. If they don't, I have a trump card. I'll tell them the first co-ed is coming to-morrow at 11:20, and she'll come.

MONROE. } What! Who? Which?
SMITH. }

MONROE. How do you know she's coming?

MOORE. Because I'll be the co-ed!

MONROE. } Fine. Bully. Glorious. (*Toss up hats.*)
SMITH. }

MONROE (*seizing MOORE and SMITH*). Placards, placards! There are painters at College Hall. Let's make placards. Come on!

MOORE. There'll be something doing around here before long—or I miss my guess. (*Laughs.*)

(*Exeunt all, L.*)

(*Enter RICKETTS, ROCKWELL and MERWYN, D. L.*)

MERWYN. Deuced good story about the Sophomore play. Congratulate you, Ricketts. (*All sit on fence.*) It is always an exhilarating sensation to make the ludicrous Junior even more ridiculous. (*Glances off L.*) Why, here approacheth the silken footfalls of Violet. (*Enter VIOLET, L.*) What ho, fair damsel?

VIOLET (*sharply*). Oh, talk United States. You talk all the time, Merwyn, as if you had just et the dictionary.

MERWYN. "Et"? Swallered, you mean.

VIOLET. It's a pity a lady can't carry on a conversation without being criticized at every turn.

THE JUNIOR

MERWYN (*profoundly*). That's the spirit of the twentieth century, Violet—criticism.

VIOLET. Well, don't criticize me. I'm going to be a Freshman and a member of this University just as much as you are, Willy Merwyn.

MERWYN
RICKETTS
ROCKWELL } (*descending as one man from the fence*). What!

VIOLET (*with injured dignity*). I'm going to be a Freshman. There is my "First Year in Latin," if you want to see it. (*They examine the book she holds out, then look at each other and give a long whistle. VIOLET seizes book.*) Now, I hope you're satisfied. In the future, I hope to be treated as a lady. (*Flounces off R.*)

MERWYN (*aghast*). Coeducation!

RICKETTS. What's Prexy thinking of?

ROCKWELL. Oh, it can't be—that's all.

MERWYN. I'll bet that Highfield gentleman put the idea into Fowler's head.

(*Enter MOORE, MONROE and SMITH, R. They tack a placard, "Down with Coeducation," on a tree. They tack another on the fence. MERWYN, RICKETTS and ROCKWELL read it. MOORE, MONROE and SMITH pay no attention to them. They tack sign on other end of the fence. MERWYN, RICKETTS and ROCKWELL gather around it.*)

RICKETTS (*excitedly*). Say, Neddie, what is it?

MOORE (*picking up his hammer and tacks, and starting off L.*). What's what?

ROCKWELL (*catching him*). Don't be in such a hurry. What's this mean?

(*MOORE stops and looks at them in pretended astonishment. Exit SMITH and MONROE, L., to tack up more placards.*)

MOORE. What are you fellows talking about?

MERWYN (*firmly*). What's the reason for those signs?

SMITH (*off stage, shouting*). Down with coeducation. (*Further off.*) Down with coeducation. Everybody out.

(*MOORE, pretending to be overcome with incredulity, leans against fence.*)

THE JUNIOR

MOORE (*incredulously*). Do you mean to tell me the Senior class doesn't know the Faculty is trying to force coeducation on the University? A nice Senior class you are!

MERWYN. You mean Violet?

MOORE. Oh, Violet—yes—that's part of it.

MERWYN (*impressively*). I opine that Mr. Highfield, who would endow the University with his golden ducats, conceived this scheme and is thrusting it upon us.

MOORE (*taking up hammer*). The Junior class doesn't give a darn who thought of the scheme—we're just going to stop it!

RICKETTS } (*heatedly*). The Junior class be hanged ——
ROCKWELL }

MERWYN (*firmly*). This is the province of the Senior class, and you know it. We will take action. No words, my dear Moore. You know the rule—the Senior class adjusts all undergraduate affairs.

MOORE (*pretending to object*). But ——

MERWYN (*with finality*). Let us have no argument. Now tell us what you know, and we will start the crusade.

(*Faint murmur of shouting heard in distance.*)

MOORE. Well, I don't mind telling you. The main thing is to have some one act.

(*Shouting grows louder.*)

MERWYN. What's the noise?

(*Shouting grows nearer. Beating of tin pans, drum and tin horns, heard off. Shouts of "Down with coeducation." Enter crowd, L. Crowd should be composed of as many extra men as convenient to fill stage.*)

CROWD. Ray! Merwyn, Merwyn, Merwyn! (*All together.*) Who—said—coeducation? Down with the co-eds!

(*Groans and yells and tumult on drums and horns and tin pans, every man making all the noise he can.*)

MERWYN (*standing on bench*). Gentlemen, I introduce Mr. Moore.

(*Great cheers and then gradual silence.*)

THE JUNIOR

MOORE. Gentlemen, this institution is doomed to coeducation. (*Groans.*) There is one co-ed now already in our midst. (*Groans.*) And to-morrow morning on the 11:20 train another is coming.

MERWYN. What's that? What did you say?

ALL. } How do you know?
} Tell us about it.
} Don't believe it.
} Ah, you're kidding us, Moore, etc.

MOORE. I say to-morrow morning another is coming. That makes two! And if you don't believe what I say I'll deposit my watch with Merwyn here and forfeit it if the co-ed doesn't come. (*Great excitement. Everybody talking at once. MOORE takes out watch.*) Here, Merwyn, take the watch.

MERWYN (*getting up on bench*). This is no time for puerile forfeits. This is a time to act. (*Great cheer.*) This is a time to stand up for Lakeville. (*Cheers.*) Gentlemen, when this co-ed comes to-morrow, we will be there to meet her. (*Cheers.*) We will duck her in the pond. (*MOORE gets down from bench.*) We will ride her on a rail. (*Cheers. MOORE holds his head in his hands.*) We will make that co-ed wish she had never heard of Lakeville.

(*Wild cheering. Crowd seizes MERWYN and bears him off on shoulders. MOORE follows, laughing.*)

CURTAIN

ACT II

Same scene.

(*Enter MOORE, MONROE and SMITH. MOORE is attired in feminine costume, minus the dress. He may hold a quilt around him if desired, as he comes running on the stage with one shoe on, followed by MONROE with the dress and SMITH with a wig, a shoe, pins, etc. All are laughing.*)

MOORE (*breathlessly*). A minute more and they would have caught us. Do you think they suspected us?

MONROE. No. They were just coming to your room to ask you to speak at the mass meeting against co-education.

MOORE (*gleefully*). Gee. Our scheme is taking like wild-fire. (*Looks at his clothes.*) But say what you will, this is no kind of costume to slide down a rain conductor in.

MONROE. I thought I never would get this white suit down for you.

MOORE. As soon as I heard them knock on the door I knew it was all off, and I just made one dive through the window and embraced the rain pipe. Of course it is something no real lady would have done, attired in this costume.

MONROE (*excitedly*). Hurry up, Ned, put some clothes on.

MOORE (*hastily*). Oh, wait till I light this cigarette. (*Lights cigarette.*) Give me that shirt.

SMITH (*shortly*). Shirt-waist.

MOORE. Shirt-waist, then.

(*Starts to put it on like a man's shirt, SMITH assisting. MONROE spreads skirt and coat of suit on fence.*)

MONROE (*turning around in disgust*). Oh, see here, you pinheads. The other way. It buttons up the back.

MOORE (*turning it around*). Of course. So easy when you know how. Here, Smith, button me. (*Imitates imaginary girl.*) I declare, these dresses that hook in the back are just too dreadful for anything.

THE JUNIOR

MONROE (*making a ring of the skirt*). Here, jump through this.

MOORE. All right. Look out for my cigarette. Help me up. (MONROE *holds up skirt*. SMITH *grasps* MOORE *by the waist and jumps him into the skirt*.) That's a relief. Now, put on the belts and sashes and jabots and fichus and whatnots. I feel as fresh as a débutante.

SMITH (*briefly*). Oh, you're fresh enough.

MONROE. But not very much débutante. (*Inspects him*.) Your coming out party is mostly in the back. Here, put this inside your trous—skirt.

(*Stuffs in shirt-waist and fastens belt*.)

MOORE (*eagerly*). Now for the wig.

(*Seizes it, puts it on wrong side before*.)

MONROE (*ironically*). Only if you turn it round, it's more becoming.

(MOORE *fixes wig, throws away cigarette, puts on coat, and is a full-fledged girl*. *Sound of shouting and drum heard without*.)

MOORE. Here they come.

MONROE (*hastily*). Beat it, now. You have just time to get to the station and appear to be coming from the 11:20 train. (MOORE *starts*.)

SMITH. Here's your hat.

(MOORE *hurries back and puts on hat*. *He raises his parasol, nods to them sweetly, and goes off R*.)

MONROE (*looking off R., as though watching him critically*). That was a good-looking suit we got at Goldstein's for ten dollars. From the looks of the crowd that was buying them, about half the people he meets will have them on, too.

(*More shouting, beating of drum and blowing of horns without*.)

(*Enter* MERWYN, ROCKWELL, RICKETTS *and crowd of students, L., all shouting, "Mass meeting! Mass meet-*

THE JUNIOR

ing! Down with the co-eds!" blowing tin horns, beating the drum. They swarm all over the stage in confusion. Part of them stand on the fence. RICKETTS jumps up on bench and attempts to calm them.)

RICKETTS (*pompously*). Gentlemen. (*Vociferous burst of cheers. RICKETTS borrows a megaphone from one of the men in the crowd and speaks through it, while the hubbub still continues.*) I wish to introduce Mr. Merwyn.

(*A sudden roar of greater cheers. Somebody rings a bell to add to the din. To make this scene carry there must be no half-heartedness about the noise. Each man must do his best to add to the pandemonium at the proper times.*)

MERWYN (*impressively*). When our forefathers conceived this institution of learning (*tremendous cheers*) it was to be an institution for the quickening of the masculine brain. (*Cheers.*)

SMITH. What other kind is there?

MERWYN (*heartily*). Quite right, my friend. Im-measurably correct. The female brain does not exist, except as a corollary to the intelligence of the songer strex (*correcting himself*)—of the stronger stex (*triumphantly*)—of the stronger sex.

MONROE. Good boy, Merwyn; he certainly can sling the English language.

MERWYN (*impressively*). Now, gentlemen (*cheers*), as you all know, the Faculty (*groans*) is endeavoring to thrust coeducation upon us. We have one co-ed in our midst now. To-day, gentlemen, to-day, by the 11:20 train (*consulting watch*) which should just be arriving now, an unwelcome female comes to smash in sunder all our cherished institutions. I ask you, shall we endure it?

ALL (*with mighty shout*). No!

MERWYN (*with enthusiasm*). Shall we allow females to deprive us of our birthright?

ALL. No!

MERWYN (*rising up to his full height and waving his cane in the air*). Shall the name of Lakeville be besmirched with the name co-ed?

ALL. No!

THE JUNIOR

(They burst into a great cheer, which is prolonged, together with tooting of horns, beating of drums, and ringing of the bell, gradually becoming quiet.)

MERWYN *(when it is quiet)*. Then it is our solemn duty as a Senior class to prevent this misguided female from registering in our University. *(More cheers.)* Gentlemen, I have further to say *(commotion in crowd. All look toward R.)*,—I have further to say—I have further to say — *(MERWYN stands transfixed in the midst of his oration. Enter MOORE, R. He looks neither to right nor left, but walks straight through the crowd, carrying suit case and parasol. Crowd is transfixed with wonder. Exit MOORE, L. A moment of silence. All look off L. MERWYN, suddenly.)* Quick. That's the new co-ed. Stop her.

(Exeunt every one, L., falling over each other, the bench, or whatever is in the way. Commotion and shouting heard off stage.)

(Enter RICKETTS and ROCKWELL, L., hurrying across stage, looking about them.)

RICKETTS. I don't see how she could have escaped us.
ROCKWELL. She's turned around by the Serpentine path.
RICKETTS. Come on.

(Exeunt, R.)

(Enter MERWYN, MONROE, SMITH and students, D. L., following RICKETTS and ROCKWELL. Exeunt, R.)

(Enter HIGHFIELD and JANET, L. JANET is dressed in a white suit just like MOORE's, and wears a rose.)

JANET. I will wait for you here, uncle, as I did yesterday.
HIGHFIELD. Very good, my dear. And if any youth annoys you again by staring or by speaking to you, not one cent of my money does this institution receive.

JANET. Yes, uncle.

HIGHFIELD. Good-bye. I'll be back in half an hour.

(Exit, L.)

(JANET takes out book and begins to read.)

JANET (*looking at dress*). How these suits crease. I shall never get another ten-dollar suit at Goldstein's. I wonder who this is coming now. (*Reads again.*)

(*Enter ROCKWELL, R. Sees JANET, smiles, advances, hesitates and, going back, motions. Enter RICKETTS, R. Sees JANET, smiles. Both advance, hesitate and, going back, motion off stage. JANET reads book. Enter MERWYN, MONROE, SMITH and students, R. They come down in a body and stop suddenly, huddled together, as she looks up. MERWYN advances and clears his throat.*)

MERWYN (*desperately*). There is a train returning at 1:30.

JANET (*turning, in pretended surprise*). Oh!

MERWYN. The train, as I say, returns at 1:30.

JANET (*bewildered*). Why, thank you. I—I—thank you. It's awfully good of you to tell me.

MERWYN (*severely*). I need not say that we insist on your taking it.

JANET. What! (*She is at first indignant, then amused.*)

MERWYN (*helplessly*). Really, you must, you know.

JANET. I am sure I wish I could oblige you. I could take it on Thursday for you. I have some shopping to do.

MERWYN (*excitedly*). No, now is the appointed time. Go, and never let your shadow fall again upon this green-sward.

JANET (*reprovingly*). Dear me—that isn't pretty.

MERWYN. Pretty?

RICKETTS (*in disgust*). Oh, Demosthenes, you aren't getting anywhere.

MERWYN (*mopping his brow*). You do it, then.

RICKETTS (*with dignity*). You know what we mean. Go!

(*Strikes an attitude, pointing R.*)

JANET (*rising hastily*). I shall go right to the dean's office and —

ROCKWELL. Don't let her matriculate.

(*All rush in and form a circle about her. JANET views them with alarm.*)

JANET (*shrinking*). What shall I do?

(*Enter MABEL and VERDA, L.*)

THE JUNIOR

MABEL (*drawing*). Oh, Mr. Ricketts, what are you doing?

VERDA (*mildly*). I never heard of such a thing.

RICKETTS (*hastily*). Please don't allow yourselves to be drawn into this. This is a co-ed, and —

MABEL (*airily*). Co-ed nothing! (*Goes to JANET.*) How do you do, Miss Hale? We met at the shore last summer, you remember. You remember Miss Griswold, too, don't you?

JANET. Oh, yes. How do you do?

MABEL. Mr. Ricketts, allow me to present Miss Hale. She is a niece of Mr. Highfield, and she is not a co-ed. I hope you will let her pass.

RICKETTS (*humbly*). I am sure we beg your pardon, Miss Hale.

(*JANET nods coldly, and the crowd parts to let JANET, MABEL and VERDA out. Exeunt, R.*)

ROCKWELL. I told you she had a rose in her buttonhole, and the other one did not.

MERWYN (*in despair*). They looked as much alike as two peas to me.

RICKETTS. What Rockwell says is true. The other one didn't have a rose.

MERWYN. Here we go, then, after the one without a rose in her buttonhole.

(*Exeunt all, down L.*)

(*Enter MOORE, up L. Sits on fence and smokes cigarette.*)

MOORE. Gee! That was a narrow escape!

(*Enter JANET, R.*)

JANET (*seeing MOORE*). Oh, excuse me.

MOORE (*in natural voice*). Certainly. (*Feeling it is not like a lady's voice, he repeats in higher key.*) Certainly.

JANET (*retreating in alarm*). Why —

MOORE. Pardon me for not taking off my hat, Janet, but it is pinned to my wig, and if I ever got the wig off I am certain I never could get it on again.

JANET (*in astonishment*). Neddy Moore!

MOORE. Exactly.

JANET. But what are you doing in those clothes?

MOORE. Smothering. I would give a dollar to be able to take one good full breath.

JANET. Well—if you aren't a goose—a wild goose.

MOORE. No; I'm tame. You haven't the slightest idea, Janet, how much too small these pumps are.

JANET (*laughing*). The general effect isn't small.

MOORE. I see you have no eye for lengths and distances.

JANET (*with interest*). But why this masquerade?

MOORE. I'm pretending I'm a co-ed.

JANET (*enthusiastically*). Oh, fine. Let me see you walk.

(MOORE *walks across the stage*. JANET *claps her hands*.) You're a perfect co-ed. I never saw anything so awkward in my life.

MOORE (*stiffly*). Thank you.

JANET. Oh, come, come; you didn't think you were really beautiful, did you?

MOORE (*insinuatingly*). Well, of course, I suffer by comparison just now.

JANET (*reprovingly*). No sarcasm, little girl.

MOORE (*suddenly*). What do you think of your ten-dollar suit?

JANET (*indignantly*). Why, I never heard of such impudence!

(MOORE *laughs*.)

MOORE. Don't try to chuck a bluff, Janet. You see I have one just like it.

JANET. Caught! But don't I look just as beautiful as if it cost a hundred?

MOORE. Oh, indeed, Janet, you are as beautiful as if it cost many thousands.

JANET (*without moving her hand*). Well, that's very sweet and pretty.

MOORE. And so are you.

JANET. Oh!

MOORE. Janet. (*She turns away*.) Janet, I love you.

JANET. Silly! Doesn't every one?

MOORE (*earnestly*). Please be serious.

JANET (*thoughtfully*). Are you?

MOORE. I am serious. Janet, Janet —

JANET. Then, Neddy, for goodness' sake, don't propose to me in that costume. You're so ridiculous.

THE JUNIOR

MOORE (*repeating*). Ridiculous! (*He turns away.*) Good-bye.

JANET (*softly*). Neddy. (*He turns back.*) Don't go away like that, please.

MOORE (*seizing both her hands*). Janet, listen.

(*Shouts of the crowd off L.*)

JANET. Neddy, you mustn't; not now. (*Looks timidly off L.*) Come to see me to-night.

MOORE (*kissing her hands*). Thank you.

JANET (*tearing rose from her coat*). Here, you may wear this.

(*He pins it in his buttonhole.*)

MOORE (*hastily*). Here they come. I don't want them to catch me here.

JANET (*in alarm*). Catch you?

MOORE. Yes. It's a little joke.

JANET. Oh, please be careful.

MOORE. I will. Good-bye.

(*Exit, L.*)

JANET. Oh, I hope nothing happens to him.

(*Enter VIOLET, R. Goes to L., and gazes across campus, shading her eyes with her hand. Then she turns and surveys JANET.*)

VIOLET (*with enthusiasm*). Gee! Are you twins?

JANET (*calmly*). I? No.

VIOLET (*suspiciously*). Say, you're kidding me. What I just remarked, in a perfectly ladylike manner, I am sure, even if I do say it, as shouldn't, was—are you and the other white wings crossing the campus there (*pointing off L.*) twins? I am sure a civil question deserves a civil answer. So there.

JANET. For your information then I make this statement, also in a perfectly ladylike manner,—No. We are not twins.

VIOLET. Well, it's funny, ain't it, now? Do you chew gum?

(*Takes out chewing gum.*)

THE JUNIOR

JANET. Thank you, no. Do you live in this town?

VIOLET (*laboring with an accumulation of gum in her mouth*). Me? Me live here! Why (*pausing in her chewing*)—I grew up with the town. Say, I'm a Freshman in the college here. (*Chews again.*)

JANET (*in surprise*). A co-ed?

VIOLET. Surest thing (*stopping chewing*) you know. Ain't that scrumptious? Say, you're the new co-ed, ain't you?

JANET. No, indeed.

VIOLET (*with conviction*). Then it's the other white wings. She is going to get hers. I'm the only co-ed they are going to have in this University.

JANET (*anxiously*). What are they going to do to the new co-ed?

VIOLET (*gleefully*). Drum her out of town. They're going to duck her and ride her on a board to the station, and put her on the first train. My eye, it's going to be sport. Oh, wow. What we'll do to her is a-plenty. (*Shouts heard off L.*) Good-bye, sweetheart. The fun is about to begin.

(*Exit, L.*)

JANET (*nervously*). I hope he gets away.

(*Enter HIGHFIELD and PRESIDENT FOWLER, L.*)

HIGHFIELD (*seeing JANET*). My dear, I shall be ready to lunch presently. President Fowler, let me present you to my niece, Miss Hale.

FOWLER (*with deference*). It is a pleasure, I am sure, to know the niece of so distinguished a person, Miss Hale.

(*There is a great burst of cheering off L.*)

HIGHFIELD (*frowning*). I don't like all this noise. It doesn't show a proper application to studies.

FOWLER (*soothingly*). Oh, just a little animal spirits, Mr. Highfield. They have just returned from their vacations, you know.

HIGHFIELD (*severely*). All the more reason why they should act more like gentlemen than anarchists. When I give away my money I want to give it to an institution of learning, and not to a mob of hoodlums.

THE JUNIOR

FOWLER (*with a worried air*). Boys will be boys. We can't interfere with orderly mass meetings.

HIGHFIELD (*sharply*). All right, so long as they are orderly. I am going to observe this assemblage. I have my doubts as to their orderliness.

FOWLER (*putting hand on his shoulder*). My dear Mr. Highfield, always looking on the dark side.

HIGHFIELD. Perhaps I do. Janet, I will return within five minutes.

(HIGHFIELD *nods*, FOWLER *bows*, and they go off L.)

JANET. I hope the boys will not make a disturbance. Uncle is as good as his word. He would not give the University a penny if he saw the slightest bit of horse-play. (*She looks off L. ; puzzled.*) Why does Neddy sit on that bench—and no one make an attempt to molest him? There he goes—disappearing behind College Hall. But the crowd doesn't follow him. My goodness, they are coming here.

(*Shouting L., coming nearer. Sounds of drum and discordant burst of tin horns. Enter RICKETTS and ROCKWELL on the run, L. They stop suddenly.*)

ROCKWELL. There, I told you so. No rose. This is the one.

(*Enter MERWYN, MONROE, SMITH and other students carrying plank.*)

RICKETTS. This is the girl.

MERWYN (*pompously*). Good. (*To JANET.*) Young lady of female persuasion—do you refuse to depart from these sunny fields at 1 : 30 of the clock?

JANET (*indignantly*). I refuse to be further annoyed by you all. I am Miss Hale, and am not your preposterous co-ed.

MERWYN. Miss Hale had a rose in her buttonhole. Where is your rose?

JANET. I gave it away.

MERWYN. To whom?

JANET. To—to — (Catches herself.) I refuse to tell you.

THE JUNIOR

MERWYN. Good bluff, young lady. But it didn't go.
Hoist her aboard.

(*Two men set her on the board. JANET screams. The board is hoisted on their shoulders. Tin horns blare out. They beat the drum, etc. Enter HIGHFIELD and FOWLER hastily.*)

HIGHFIELD (*excitedly*). Stop! Stop! (*They cannot hear him for the noise.*) Stop this, I say!

(*He grasps the drummer roughly by the shoulder. The drummer stops. Every one turns around and seeing FOWLER, everything is still as death. JANET hides her face in her hands.*)

FOWLER (*soothingly*). It is nothing, Mr. Highfield. Only one of the students dressed as a girl for a lark.

HIGHFIELD (*roughly*). Lark, eh? Lark? That's no student. I'll prove it to you. (*Goes round in front of her, pulls hands from her face and falls back in consternation.*) Janet! (*He stands for a moment looking at her. Then he turns to FOWLER.*) It is my niece. You were wrong, President Fowler. This isn't a lark—neither for me nor for Lakeville. Come, Janet.

(*Turns on his heel and walks off R. JANET follows.*)

CURTAIN

ACT III

Same scene. Next morning.

(VIOLET discovered seated on fence, book in hand.)

VIOLET (*looking at book*). Amo, amas, amat. (*Looks away from book.*) Amo, amas, amat. (*Enter MERWYN, L. VIOLET looks at book.*) Amamamus, amatus, amant. (*Looks away.*) Amamamus, amatus —

(MERWYN laughs. VIOLET looks up indignantly.)

MERWYN. What's this about "tomatoes"?

VIOLET (*with dignity*). Smarty! I made no allusion to tomatoes. It's a pity a lady can't sit on a fence in a perfectly genteel way and study her lesson unimpaired by you studjents.

MERWYN (*gravely*). I assure you that interference with your occupations was quite remote from my mind.

VIOLET (*mollified*). Well, then we won't scrap any more about it. You see, Willy, I'm studying Latin.

MERWYN. And what is your opinion, by this time, of that excellent old language?

VIOLET (*leaning forward confidentially*). Willy, I ain't strong for it. There ain't any sense to it. You take this word "amo." Now when one of these old fellows that talked Latin—what do you call 'em —?

MERWYN (*solemnly*). Latitudes.

VIOLET. Well, when one of these Latitudes wanted to propose to a girl, instead of coming right out with it like a man, he would go up to her and say, "Amo. Amo. Amo." Now that's no way to talk to a lady. I haven't any patience with such tomfoolery. If he meant he loved her, why didn't he say so and be done with it?

MERWYN (*gravely*). The same thought has frequently occurred to me.

VIOLET. And what's the use of all this "amo, amas, amat"? If they have to have another word for "love" that's their business, but why can't they say, "I amo, you amo, he amos"—like Christians? I tell you, Willy, a two-year-old child could dope out a better language than this.

THE JUNIOR

MERWYN (*with feeling*). From my own research into that language, I cannot help but agree with you, Violet. Have you seen Mr. Ricketts or Mr. Rockwell?

VIOLET. No. Oh, I say, you Seniors are going to get yours.

MERWYN (*with dignity*). To what do you refer by this expression getting ours?

VIOLET (*in high glee*). The whole Senior class is going to be canned. Whoop! Oh, my eye.

MERWYN. I wish you would converse in your native tongue. What idea do you wish to convey by "canned"?

VIOLET. They're going to tie it on you, Willy. They're going to suspend the whole class for riding old Highfield's niece on an ironing board. Oh, wow—what a lark!

MERWYN. Where did you get this information?

VIOLET. I heard the dean say so.

MERWYN (*in consternation*). You heard the — I don't believe a word of it.

VIOLET (*complacently*). It's true. Ain't it the best thing ever happened at this University? Gee! What sport. (*Pokes him in ribs.*) Oh, you Willy. Back to the necktie counter for yours!

MERWYN. Your merriment is ill-timed, wicked damsel.

(*Enter RICKETTS and ROCKWELL, L.*)

RICKETTS (*breathlessly*). Come on, Demosthenes. Class is having a meeting. It seems that since we took his niece for a ride Thomas J. Highfield has changed his mind about the endowment. Prexy is so furious he is going to fire the whole Senior class!

MERWYN (*following toward L.*). They can't do that. It's illegal. I—they can't do it.

RICKETTS. You know they can and they will.

(*Exeunt MERWYN, RICKETTS and ROCKWELL, L.*)

(*Enter MOORE, R.*)

VIOLET (*laughing*). Oh, you candy co-ed!

MOORE (*despondently*). Don't you poke fun at me, Violet. I've got the blues.

VIOLET. What's the matter with you, Moorey?

THE JUNIOR

MOORE (*sitting down dismally on bench*). You know what's the matter. I've turned the whole University upside down.

VIOLET (*exultingly*). Then get up and cheer. It isn't every one as can do it.

MOORE. Oh, it's no joke. They are going to expel the whole Senior class.

VIOLET. Well, that's an improvement to the University.

MOORE. Of course it is, if you look at it that way. But I don't like to have it on my head.

VIOLET. Any other consequences to your evil acts?

MOORE (*gloomily*). Well, Miss Hale——

VIOLET (*knowingly*). You're sweet on her, ain't you?

MOORE (*looking up in surprise*). Frankness, my dear Violet, is a great virtue. You conceal nothing in your conversation.

VIOLET. Well, ain't you?

MOORE (*looking off R.*). Here comes the lady in question now. If you sincerely believe your last statement to me, the most tactful thing you can do is to leave. Beat it.

(VIOLET *scrambles down off fence in ludicrous haste and makes an elaborate departure, L.*)

(*Enter JANET, R.*)

JANET (*immediately*). Oh, you incorrigible boy! What you have done!

MOORE (*hastily*). You mustn't blame me for consequences like that. I knew I was dealing with a pretty wooden-headed class, but I did not think they would do anything quite so foolish as they did.

JANET (*with some warmth*). You put me in a very ridiculous and humiliating position. Think of being ridden around the streets on a rail.

MOORE (*mildly*). It was not a rail, Janet.

JANET. It amounted to the same thing. My uncle will scarcely speak to me this morning. He thinks I was carrying on some sort of "skylarking" game with the students. Oh—I detest practical jokes.

MOORE (*humbly*). I'm sorry, Janet.

JANET. As if your being sorry made any difference.

THE JUNIOR

MOORE. I realize that. I am going to do my very best to rectify it.

JANET. You know very well you can't. Good-bye.

(Exit, L.)

MOORE. Janet! *(No answer. He looks after her for a moment.)* She's right. *(Despondently.)* I can't do anything. The fat is in the fire now. I must try to help the Seniors, however.

(Enter MERWYN, L.)

MERWYN *(observing MOORE)*. Hah! Behold the villain planning more devilry.

MOORE *(turning)*. What do you mean, Merwyn?

MERWYN. Don't you think I am wise to your game? Did I not observe you, a lady, returning to yonder dormitory to don again man's attire?

MOORE *(slapping him on the back)*. Poor old Merwyn. Took you all in this time, didn't I?

MERWYN *(with dignity)*. And since you have taken us in, now it is up to you to get us out.

MOORE. How could I do it?

MERWYN *(assuming an impressive attitude)*. Attend. First—you wait about on the campus until you see the far-famed Mr. Highfield coming from the College Hall on his way to chapel. Good! Second—you approach him. Highfield stops abruptly on seeing you and calls out, "What, fellow! Stand asunder!" But you speak up boldly and say, "I did it, I with my ten-dollar linen suit."

MOORE *(thoughtfully)*. I have been thinking that would be the best thing to do.

MERWYN. Of course it would. What does the great Mr. Highfield do upon observing this act of manly unselfishness? He falls upon your neck and cries—"Oh, if I had only had a son like that!" *(Takes out large handkerchief and blows his nose vigorously.)* Upon my soul it affects me now to think about it.

MOORE *(thoughtfully)*. Aside from the fatherly caress, it listens good to me.

MERWYN. Then you explain that you were impersonating a girl, in a mere spirit of boyish mischief, but that the Seniors mistook his niece for you and thence this ex-

THE JUNIOR

tremely regrettable affair. Whereupon, if he is a reasonable man, he will instantly remove all pressure from Prexy, and the Senior class will not be banished from these sacred halls.

MOORE. Demosthenes, I'll do it. I got the Senior class in ; I'll get them out.

MERWYN. Aye. There spoke Cæsar.

MOORE. Merwyn, look there. I believe that's Highfield now.

MERWYN. It is, indeed. I hear the double eagles jingling in his vest pocket.

MOORE. Are you embarrassed ?

MERWYN. Not a bit.

MOORE. Then you confess that you impersonated the girl.

MERWYN. A whale like me ? Quit your kidding. Tell it to him, boy.

(Enter HIGHFIELD, R.)

MOORE. Mr. Highfield, may I have a word with you ?

HIGHFIELD (*abruptly*). What is it ?

MOORE. I want to make an explanation, sir, of the unfortunate indignity offered your niece ——

HIGHFIELD (*testily*). If you can explain that, you are a prodigy.

MOORE. Do you wish to hear what I have to say, sir ?

HIGHFIELD. Go on.

MOORE. The whole affair was a mistake, sir.

HIGHFIELD. I should think so.

MOORE. I mean, the Seniors didn't know—they were not aware it was Miss Hale.

MERWYN. The long and short of it is, sir, we didn't realize it was a girl at all.

HIGHFIELD. What kind of a cock-and-bull story is this ? Don't you know a girl when you see one ?

MERWYN. Yes, of course, but ——

HIGHFIELD. I'm not a complete fool, you know.

MOORE (*explaining*). They thought it was I, sir.

HIGHFIELD (*in a state of dazed incredulity*). You !

MOORE. Yes. I was disguised as a girl at the time.

HIGHFIELD (*in exasperation*). Do you think I'll believe anything at all you tell me ?

MOORE. But, sir, wait till I tell you why I was disguised as a girl.

THE JUNIOR

HIGHFIELD (*laughing ironically*). Oh, yes. Why! Why were you disguised as a girl at half-past eleven in the morning? That's the hard part.

MOORE. Well, sir, you see —

HIGHFIELD. Forget it, young man. I can make up a better reason myself. Anyway, who in thunder would ever mistake you for my niece?

MOORE. I swear it's the absolute truth.

MERWYN. I back him up in that, sir.

HIGHFIELD. Gentlemen, I don't doubt your veracity in the least. You may think it is true, but it doesn't sound so.

MERWYN. Do we look as if we were lying?

HIGHFIELD. No. That's what gets me. I don't know whether you're crazy or I am.

MOORE. It sounds queer when you tell it, but —

HIGHFIELD. It does, indeed. If you can convince me how a square-cornered piece of architecture like this young man could be mistaken for my niece, I'll believe anything you say. But I must go. I am leaving town in half an hour, and I want to see President Fowler.

(MERWYN and MOORE exchange looks of dismay.)

(*Enter JANET, L., wearing long motor cloak and veil.*)

JANET. Oh, uncle! (*Sees MERWYN and MOORE.*) How do you do?

MERWYN. } Good-morning.
MOORE. }

JANET. Uncle, there isn't any train out of town till six-thirty to-night.

(MERWYN and MOORE exchange looks of delight.)

HIGHFIELD. No train till six-thirty! Well!

JANET. But listen to what I did. I got an automobile to take us! They will express our trunks. And I have just purchased this perfectly darling motor-cloak. Isn't it great?

MERWYN. } Fine.
MOORE. }

HIGHFIELD. Hmph! And where are we to get aboard this machine?

JANET. I told him to come here in half an hour. Now I

THE JUNIOR

must run over to the hotel and see about our trunks. I will meet you here. Good-bye.

(Exit, R.)

HIGHFIELD. Gentlemen, I must go. I enjoyed your story very much.

(Exit, L.)

MERWYN. Leaving town in half an hour. Good-night for us. What the dickens was the matter with our story, Moore? It sounded O. K. to me.

MOORE. We ought to have told him a tough one. Nobody believes the truth.

MERWYN. He's got to believe it.

MOORE. All right—make him.

MERWYN. By crikey, I believe I will. An idea strikes me.

MOORE. What is it?

MERWYN (*mysteriously*). Leave it to me. But I know this. It's all up with the Seniors unless we do something quick. Here come the Bonehead Twins. They just fit in with my idea.

(Enter MABEL and VERDA, R.)

MERWYN. } How do you do?
MOORE. }

MABEL (*gushingly*). Why, Mr. Merwyn, this is a surprise. And Mr. Moore, how do you do?

VERDA. Isn't this a delightful encounter? We were just pining for company.

MERWYN (*suddenly*). You're in a plot with us.

MABEL. Exciting!

VERDA. Beautiful!

MERWYN. Now let me tell you what you have to do.

MABEL. Oh, we couldn't do anything.

VERDA. We won't take an active part in anything, you know. I should be sure to do it wrong.

MERWYN. You couldn't do this wrong. Even the most elementary intellect could grasp this.

MABEL (*reluctantly*). We'll try, then.

MERWYN. We are going to try to deceive Mr. Highfield.

VERDA } (*with interest*). Oh!
MABEL }

THE JUNIOR

MOORE. What are you driving at, Merwyn?

MERWYN. Wait. Now, my dear young ladies, Mr. Highfield assured us that no one could possibly mistake Neddy Moore here for Miss Hale.

MABEL. Oh, but they could. He certainly looked like her yesterday.

MERWYN. We are going to make him look like her again, to-day, and see if Mr. Highfield won't be fooled.

MOORE (*in astonishment*). What!

MABEL. } How in-teresting!

VERDA. }
MOORE (*excitedly*). How are you going to do this? I can't possibly get ready in time.

MABEL. What fun.

VERDA. Aren't you crazy about it?

MOORE. But the time?

MERWYN (*calmly*). Now wait. When Miss Hale comes here to meet her uncle she'll sit on yonder bench. Miss Mabel and Miss Verda will take her out on some pretext—to look at the fall leaves, perhaps—and have her leave that cloak she has bought. You, Neddy, will come in with your hat and automobile veil, put on her cloak and sit there. I'll bet you Highfield takes you for his niece.

MABEL. } Fine.

VERDA. }
MOORE. Old Demosthenes, you've got a lot of sense for a Senior.

MERWYN. Now, Neddy, you run up to your room and get your wig and hat. We'll meet you here (*consulting watch*) in ten minutes. Come on, Miss Mabel and Miss Verda.

MABEL. Isn't this thrilling?

VERDA. Oh, I'm so excited.

(*Exeunt MERWYN, MABEL and VERDA, L.*)

(*Enter SMITH and MONROE, L., excitedly.*)

MONROE. We heard it all, Neddy. You aren't going to help the Seniors out of a scrape, are you?

MOORE. I think the Seniors are getting stung too hard, boys. But it certainly goes against the grain to help them out.

THE JUNIOR

SMITH. It certainly does.

MONROE. But leave it to us, Neddy. We're going to get even with them. Watch us.

SMITH. We're the people to watch.

(*Exeunt SMITH and MONROE, L.*)

(MOORE starts toward fence, R. Enter JANET, R., in automobile veil and long cloak. She carries a camera. MOORE stops.)

JANET. I am still very angry with you.

MOORE. Will you marry me, Janet?

JANET. What is your motive in asking?

MOORE. Well, I like your hair.

JANET. My dear boy, I like your nerve. But I don't ask you to marry me. (*Lays camera on bench.*)

MOORE. Neither do you answer me when I ask you.

JANET. I tell you I am angry with you.

(MOORE waits a moment.)

MOORE. Now are you angry with me?

JANET. Yes.

(MOORE takes a slow walk around bench.)

MOORE. Now?

JANET (*laughing*). You persistent—— What was your question? (*Looks off L.*) Oh, but you must run along now. Here comes uncle.

(MOORE climbs fence.)

MOORE (*leaning over fence*). Tell me now.

JANET. No. (*Hastily.*) I mean I won't tell you now.

MOORE. Then it doesn't mean "No"? (JANET turns away.) Janet, does that mean "Yes"?

JANET (*without looking at him*). Oh, Neddy, run along.

MOORE. Janet, come here.

(*She turns and goes close to him.*)

MOORE (*interrogatively*). "Yes," Janet?

JANET (*softly*). Yes!

(*He kisses her and exits R.*)

THE JUNIOR

(Enter HIGHFIELD, L.)

HIGHFIELD (*briskly*). Are you ready, Janet?

JANET. Yes.

HIGHFIELD. Is the machine here?

JANET. I think not.

HIGHFIELD. I will go look for it. (*Pauses and leans on the fence for a moment looking toward rear. Heaves sigh.*) Well, Janet, I didn't think I was going to be sorry to leave the old place. (*Goes toward R.*) I will be back in a few minutes.

(*Exit, R.*)

(JANET sits pensively on bench, looking at ground. Enter MERWYN, L., carefully. Sees JANET. Beckons behind him. Exit, L. Enter MABEL and VERDA, L.)

MABEL. } Why, Miss Hale, who would have thought of
VERDA. } seeing you here!

JANET (*starting*). Oh, how do you do?

MABEL. } We are so sorry to hear you are going away.
VERDA. }

JANET. I am sorry to be going.

MABEL. Oh, you haven't seen the autumn leaves from the edge of the campus.

VERDA. And you haven't snapped that grand view of the lake from the bluff. (*Gestures off L.*)

JANET. I'm afraid I haven't time. I'm waiting for my uncle.

MABEL. } Oh! It won't take a minute. Just leave your
VERDA. } things there on the bench so he will know you
 } are not far away.

(JANET hesitates, then rises, picking up camera.)

JANET. I would love to get that picture.

(JANET throws off coat and veil and takes MABEL's arm. Exeunt VERDA, MABEL, JANET, L.)

(Enter MOORE, R. Climbs fence and goes over to bench. He is attired in his own clothes, but with girl's wig and hat on his head. He looks carefully about stage, takes up cloak and puts it on. Picks up veil. Enter RICKETTS, ROCKWELL, MERWYN, SMITH, MONROE, L.)

THE JUNIOR

MERWYN. That's the style.

MONROE. Here, let me fix that veil. (*Fastens veil.*)

ROCKWELL. Cheese it. Here comes old Highfield.

MERWYN. Now, Neddy, do your durndest.

(*Exeunt all but MOORE, L. MOORE sits in the same position that JANET assumed on the bench.*)

(*Enter HIGHFIELD, R.*)

HIGHFIELD. Come, Janet. All ready. Upon my word, I almost told the chauffeur to go away, because we wouldn't leave to-day. (*MOORE gets up and walks toward him.*) Janet, you certainly are looking uncommonly well in that new cloak. It's very becoming, really.

(*MOORE takes off wig and bonnet and throws them up in the air with great joy and then dances round the stage. Enter MERWYN, MONROE, RICKETTS, ROCKWELL and SMITH, L., shouting excitedly. HIGHFIELD gazes at them dazed.*)

MOORE (*throwing off cloak*). I guess we beat you that time, Mr. Highfield.

(*HIGHFIELD sits down on bench and bursts out laughing.*)

HIGHFIELD. So you boys have been putting up a game on me, eh? Well, well.

(*Enter FOWLER, followed by JANET, MABEL, VERDA and VIOLET, L. JANET crosses to MOORE, R. C. Enter crowd, R., leaping over fence. Some sit on it.*)

FOWLER. What's this, Mr. Highfield? What's this disturbance, gentlemen?

HIGHFIELD (*rising*). It's all right, President Fowler. I am just waking up. That's all. The boys are all right.

MERWYN. Now, fellows, let's give a yell for Mr. Highfield.

ALL. Ray! Ray! Ray! Highfield! Highfield! Highfield!

HIGHFIELD. Gentlemen, I thank you. I like your town. I like your college. I like you. I am a business man, and used to bargains. I want to make this bargain with President Fowler. If he will reconsider his deci-

THE JUNIOR

sion and not suspend the Senior class, I will reconsider my decision and settle an endowment on the University.

(Deafening cheers.)

MERWYN *(leaping on bench and motioning for silence ; as the noise dies down a little he yells)*. What's the matter with Highfield ?

CROWD *(loudly)*. He's all right !

MERWYN. Who's all right ?

CROWD *(still louder)*. Highfield !

(Wild yells and cheers follow the name. HIGHFIELD and FOWLER shake hands, smiling. MERWYN jumps down from bench and SMITH jumps up.)

SMITH. And as for co-eds—there are none at Lakeville—except the Seniors !

(Seniors and crowd all laugh and rush at him. He runs off L., followed by all students except MOORE, laughing. Girls, FOWLER and HIGHFIELD all turn, laughing, and look off L. This leaves MOORE and JANET alone, R. C. MOORE looks off L. JANET lays her hand on his arm. He turns to her smiling.)

JANET. What's the matter with Ned Moore ?

MOORE. What's the matter with Janet Hale ?

JANET. He's }
MOORE. She's } all right !

(He takes her hands and they stand very close together, oblivious of the others.)

CURTAIN

/ /

.

The Senior

.

The Senior

CHARACTERS

GORDON WAINWRIGHT	. . .	<i>A Senior of Lakeville University, not "in society"</i>
"PERRY" SPENCER	}	<i>Seniors who regard themselves as "in society"</i>
"PUG" COLLINS		
"NICK" MEADE		
"TOMMY" THOMPSON	. . .	<i>Baseball star, and a Sophomore</i>
"DUB" DUFFIELD	<i>Champion debater</i>
BEANE	<i>A Freshman, who looks the part</i>
ELEANOR FORBES	<i>A popular girl</i>
MRS. LEE	<i>Eleanor's aunt, and an aristocrat</i>
<i>(This part may double with MISS WHITE.)</i>		
VIOLET	<i>A helpful sort of person</i>
GERTRUDE SPENCER	<i>Spencer's sister</i>
MISS JONES	<i>A Lakeville girl</i>
MISS WHITE	<i>Visiting Lakeville</i>
JEAN	<i>Chauffeur</i>
MIKE	<i>A lunch hustler</i>
<i>(This part may double with JEAN.)</i>		

STORY OF THE PLAY

One of Mr. Morris's clever quartette of undergraduate plays, with a serious note under the college fun, and a captivating love story that comes out "just right."

Perry Spencer and other members of the Senior class at Lakeville look down on Gordon Wainwright. He belongs to an old Virginia family, but is poor and has worked his way through college by keeping a lunch-room. A thunder-shower compels Eleanor Forbes, a society girl, to take refuge in the lunch-room, and she becomes interested in Wainwright. Spencer induces

STORY OF THE PLAY

him to go to a college dance, thinking to make him ridiculous, but Wainwright seems thoroughly at home, and "cuts out" Spencer with Eleanor. In revenge Spencer's sister tells Mrs. Lee, Eleanor's aunt, of the affair. Mrs. Lee, thinking Wainwright far beneath her niece, forbids Eleanor to see him again. But when Mrs. Lee meets Wainwright she finds he is the son of Letty Page, an old friend. The scale is turned in his favor, and the curtain falls on a pretty love scene.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—The "Eat-it-Here" Lunch-room. Mike takes the orders. "A round of buck—one order of Fido." "Dub" Duffield can't bluff Violet. Spencer asks Wainwright to take a girl to the Senior hop. "I never go to the dances." Beane, the Freshman, spills the breakfast food. The thunder-shower. Eleanor, storm-stayed, meets Wainwright. "Are you coming to the dance?" Wainwright changes his mind.

ACT II.—A room in the college gymnasium. Violet and Beane serve the lemonade. Violet explains about Adonis and Queen Elizabeth. Spencer criticizes Wainwright's clothes. Violet and Beane do a barn dance. Spencer claims the "supper dance" from Eleanor. "But you said I could give it to any one who asked me?" "Yes." "I have given this dance to Mr. Wainwright."

ACT III.—Terrace on the campus. "All out for the Senior pee-rade!" Beane is needed for "the front legs of the sacred calf." Miss Spencer tells Mrs. Lee about Wainwright. Mrs. Lee and Eleanor. "I ask you not to see this lunch-room person again." Mrs. Lee tells what "Letty Page" would have done. Violet takes Beane for an interview with mother. Eleanor and Wainwright. "I love you and I can't let you go." Spencer introduces Wainwright to Mrs. Lee. He thinks she will "freeze the lunch-room proprietor." "Mrs. Lee, I think you knew my mother—Letty Page." "Come and see me to-night—Gordon." Eleanor accepts Wainwright. "What a lot of time we've wasted!"

COSTUMES

WAINWRIGHT. Act I, sack suit; should, if possible, wear a "Phi Beta Kappa key" on watch-chain. Act II, evening clothes. Act III, flannel trousers, dark coat, straw hat.

SPENCER. Act I, light suit, trousers turned up, tan shoes, decided socks, shirt and tie. Act II, evening clothes. Act III, flannel suit, straw hat. Later, cowboy costume.

COLLINS. Act I, light suit, straw hat. Act II, evening clothes. Act III, flannel trousers, dark coat, straw hat. Later, "Buster Brown" suit.

MEADE. About same as Collins. Later, in Act III, sailor costume.

THOMPSON. Act I, corduroy trousers, blue shirt, small cap. Act III, dressed to represent half of cow (see text).

DUFFIELD. Act I, quiet suit. Act II, evening clothes. Act III, same as Act I. Should have decided eccentricities of dress, but always neat. Later, in Act III, costume of monk.

MIKE. Dark trousers, white coat.

BEANE. Act I, high-water trousers, collar too big, trousers one pattern, coat of another, coat too small, wide straw hat. Act II, dress suit, old and badly fitting, trousers turned up, shirt mussy. Act III, same as Act I. Later, in Act III, wears costume representing head of cow (see text).

ELEANOR. Act I, summer walking suit. Act II, evening dress. Act III, light afternoon frock, hat, parasol.

MRS. LEE. Black dress and hat. Very impressive, dignified and stylish.

VIOLET. Act I, black skirt, white shirt-waist, red mannish necktie and collar. Act II, gaudy evening dress of cheap material and large plaid bow in hair. Act III, same as Act I.

MISS SPENCER. Act II, evening dress. Act III, light afternoon frock, hat and parasol.

MISS JONES. Similar to Miss Spencer.

JEAN. Dark suit, puttees, black leather gloves, black leather hat.

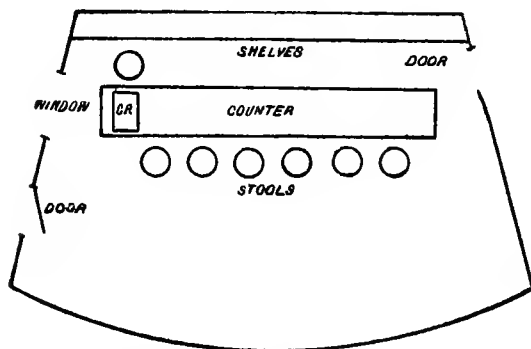
MISS WHITE. Evening dress.

PROPERTIES

- ACT I.—Lunch-room placards, cash register, plates and other lunch counter furnishings, dishes of food. Pen, sealed letters and ledger for WAINWRIGHT. Book for VIOLET. Sealed letter for SPENCER, containing check. Sign for MIKE. Box with breakfast food or sawdust for BEANE. Grapefruit and pocketbook for ELEANOR. Thunder, rain and sunshine effects, if possible.
- ACT II.—Lemonade in bowl, glasses, ladle, sugar and lemons. Dance cards for all but VIOLET and BEANE. Flowers for girls.
- ACT III.—Cigarettes, COLLINS and SPENCER. Blanket for JEAN. Lorgnette, fan and smelling-salts bottle for MRS. LEE. Club for MEADE.

SCENE PLOTS

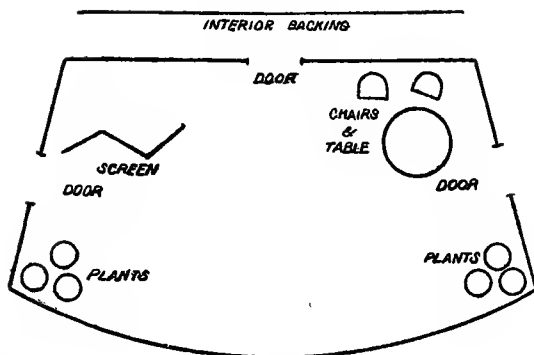
ACT I



SCENE.—The "Eat-it-Here" Lunch-room. Door R. leads outdoors. Door L. leads to kitchen. Window R. Shelves and counter across back. Cash register on right end of counter. Stools in front of counter and one behind counter. Placards over shelves.

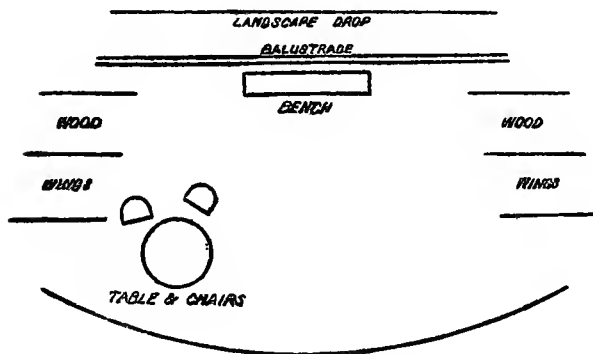
SCENE PLOTS

ACT II



SCENE.—Foyer in college gymnasium. This is supposed to be a space for promenade between dances. Door L. leads to the gymnasium. Door C. leads to outdoors. Door R. leads to dressing-rooms. Table, chairs up L. Screen up R. Plants in corners.

ACT III



SCENE.—Terrace on campus outside dormitories. Back drop shows landscape or college buildings. Low balustrade across back (may be omitted). Bench up C. Wood wings. Table and chairs down R.

The Senior

ACT I

SCENE.—*Interior of the "Eat-it-Here" Lunch-room. Walls decorated with signs,—“ On account of the difficulty of securing fresh eggs, two poached eggs will be fifteen cents ; any other style, ten cents.” “ The poor we have always with us—watch your hat and coat.” “ Registered sausage,” etc.*

(*Discovered, VIOLET at the cash register, MIKE behind counter.*)

VIOLET (*looking out of window*). Gee, here comes the breakfast gang.

MIKE. Shure. (*Wipes counter.*) Twenty minutes to nine. All thim fellows is going to be late.

(*Enter “PUG” COLLINS, “NICK” MEADE, “TOMMY” THOMPSON and “DUB” DUFFIELD. They make a rush for the stools, THOMPSON next to cash register.*)

MEADE. Where's everybody, Mike?

(*Throughout this scene those seated on stools in front of counter must be careful to turn wholly or in part toward audience while speaking.*)

MIKE. Shure, they've beat it long ago. They're the real students. What's yer orders? Slip 'em tuh me.

THOMPSON. Good-morning, Violet.

VIOLET. Hello. Don't set on that there stool. A fellow just bounced a poached egg on it.

THOMPSON (*getting up and looking at stool*). I don't see any egg on the stool.

VIOLET. No—that's one on you, Thompson.

THE SENIOR

(THOMPSON *turns, showing yellow spot on trousers. This may be made with yellow chalk. All students laugh and point.*)

MEADE. My, my, Thompson, I knew there was a yellow streak in you somewhere.

THOMPSON. Cut it out. (*Makes a hasty dab at trousers with napkin, and reseats himself on stool.*) Say, Violet, did you miss me at supper last night?

VIOLET. No. Every time some one leaves the door open and something like you blows in, you don't suppose I get nervous precipitation of the heart, do you?

COLLINS. That's stinging you some, Tommy. Mike, I guess I'll have some flannel cakes and syrup.

MIKE. Right. (*Calls off L.*) Three down comforts. Let the maple come.

MEADE. Buckwheat cakes, for mine.

THOMPSON. Sausage.

MIKE (*calling off*). Make it a round of buck. One order of Fido.

DUFFIELD. I rawther think I'll have a glawss of boiled milk and a Uneeda biscuit.

COLLINS. Oh, for heaven's sake, Duff, you eat like a man with one foot in the grave.

DUFFIELD. Excellent for the voice, you know. I wouldn't be the debater I am if I didn't conserve my natural resources.

MIKE (*calling off*). Boil a rasher of milk for the regular customer.

(MIKE *goes to door L., receives dishes, and serves COLLINS, MEADE and THOMPSON.*)

COLLINS. Say, Meade, tell me this. Does Wainwright really pay all his expenses here at Lakeville with the receipts of this lunch-room?

MEADE. Well, I understand he hadn't a cent in the world when he came to college; and his family seem to be as poor as church mice.

VIOLET. No, he ain't had one single dollar since he's been at Lakeville that he ain't earned by the sweat—er—perspiration of his brow.

MEADE. How do you know that, noble girl?

VIOLET. I thank you, he told me hisself.

THE SENIOR

MEADE. What, Mr. Wainwright told you so, hisself?

VIOLET. Yes, he did. And he would have had about ten dollars more if you would of paid for your food when you et it.

DUFFIELD. Violet, it strikes me that your grammar is deteriorating.

VIOLET. Oh, you go on and drink your boiled milk, and leave my grammar be.

(*Enter "PERRY" SPENCER, R.*)

SPENCER (*vaulting up on stool*). Hello, bunch. Same as usual, Mike.

MIKE (*calling off*). Mr. Spencer's breakfast.

SPENCER. Give me a cup of coffee, quick.

MIKE (*to COLLINS*). Well, Pug, feeling fit? Think you're in condition for the dance to-night?

(*Hands coffee to SPENCER and milk to DUFFIELD.*)

COLLINS. Never better, Mike.

SPENCER. Hi, Violet!

VIOLET. Oh, you Spency! They do say you are goin' to be among those present in the society circles to-night.

SPENCER. Among those present? Why, society is going to revolve about me to-night.

DUFFIELD. Aw—all this conversation about the Senior hop bores me. You dawnce round, with some thin girl's backbone balanced in the hollow of your hand, until you are blue in the face, and then sit down on a collapsible chair in a drawft and try to look optimistic. And that's a Senior hop.

SPENCER. Oh, cut the hot air. You have just accumulated a boiled milk jag.

(*Enter GORDON WAINWRIGHT, R. Walks quietly back of counter and picks up some letters by cash register. The whole room is silent as soon as he enters. He looks up and nods to the boys at the counter.*)

WAINWRIGHT. Hello, boys. (*He opens his letters, glances at them, and casts them aside.*) Mike!

MIKE. Yis, sor.

WAINWRIGHT. No more chicken sandwiches for a while.

(*VIOLET looks up inquiringly.*)

THE SENIOR

THOMPSON. Pork scarce, Wainy?

WAINWRIGHT. No. (*Smiles.*) Always plenty of Sophomores.

COLLINS. Oh, you Sophomore. Gee, but that made me laugh.

MEADE. I guess we'll call Tommy "ham and eggs" after this.

SPENCER. Say, Wainwright, they tell me you paid your expenses through college with this dog-wagon.

MEADE. Oh, say, cut it out, Perry. You're so raw.

COLLINS. Don't pay any attention to him, Wainwright. He hasn't any manners. His father's in the beef trust.

WAINWRIGHT (*smiling*). I don't mind answering.

SPENCER (*sulkily*). I don't see why he should attempt to conceal the fact that he makes his living with a lunch-wagon. Everybody knows it.

WAINWRIGHT. And if they don't believe it, Spencer, send them to me. Violet, how much does Mr. Spencer owe us?

VIOLET (*opening book*). Fourteen seventy-five.

WAINWRIGHT. To answer your question, Spencer, I have paid my expenses through college all except fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents.

SPENCER. I'll pay you that when I get a check.

VIOLET. Bing! (*Sings.*) The sweet bye-and-bye.

(*Enter BEANE, R.; falls over stool.*)

BEANE (*looking at stool and rubbing his head*). Well, now, as pa says —

SPENCER (*mimicking him*). As pa says—there's another stool—fall over that, fresh.

BEANE (*abashed*). Er—I—I — Letter for you, Mr. Spencer.

SPENCER. Give it to me.

(*BEANE drops it, knocks off his hat getting it, and presents it. SPENCER opens letter and check falls on floor.*)

WAINWRIGHT. There's your check on the floor, Spencer.

VIOLET (*making face*). A-a-a-uh. Stung!

SPENCER (*with bad grace*). Cash that, will you, Wainwright, and keep your confounded fourteen seventy-five?

WAINWRIGHT. Give him the money, Violet. Mike, I want to see you.

THE SENIOR

(*Exeunt* MIKE and WAINWRIGHT, L.)

DUFFIELD. Any one going over?

(*Exeunt* THOMPSON and DUFFIELD, R.)

SPENCER (*reading letter*). Confound it —

COLLINS. Well, what?

SPENCER. Did you ever hear anything to beat this? My sister is going to bring another girl with her.

(BEANE *stumbles out* R. VIOLET *follows*.)

COLLINS. Do you know her?

SPENCER (*glumly*). Yes.

COLLINS. Good-looking?

SPENCER (*glancing around him cautiously*). She's a lemon!

MEADE. Oh, help!

SPENCER. And I have to find a partner for her. Why can't my sister consult me first? Just because the girl happened to be visiting her, she brings her along—all the way from (*name distant place*).

COLLINS. Take her yourself.

SPENCER. What! Me take a lemon! Nix on the self-denial. (*Impressively*.) I'm taking Eleanor Forbes.

MEADE (*excitedly*). What! Is Eleanor Forbes coming to the dance this year?

COLLINS. All the way from Louisville?

SPENCER (*witheringly*). Louisville! Richmond, my boy. Fine old Southern family. She and her aunt are coming in a private car.

COLLINS. All right. Wherever she comes from, she's a winner. Hoo-ray!

(*Waltzes around with arm crooked, as though holding girl*.)

MEADE. Subside, Pug, you large globule.

SPENCER. But what am I going to do about this girl—this Mary White?

COLLINS. I'd take her, but I'm taking Peggy Jones.

MEADE. And I am taking your sister.

SPENCER. Every one, of course, has a girl.

MEADE. Oh, there must be some one!

SPENCER. I don't know of a single fellow who hasn't a girl.

COLLINS. Nor I.

MEADE (*suddenly*). I've an idea!

THE SENIOR

SPENCER. Shoot it forth.

MEADE. Ask Wainwright.

SPENCER. Good-night for that idea!

MEADE. Why not? He's big and good-looking.

SPENCER. Send her to a dance with a lunch-room chef?
Why, he'd be like a bull in a china shop.

COLLINS. Oh, say, Meade, you're an awful bonehead,
you know. Solid ivory from the teeth up.

SPENCER. Sure. You're crazy.

MEADE. Well, did you ever see him act like anything but
a gentleman?

SPENCER. No. He's all right behind his counter. That's
where he belongs. But there's no use trying to make
a gentleman out of a low-brow like that.

MEADE. Then I guess you'll have to take the lemon your-
self.

SPENCER (*with energy*). By thunder, I won't! (*Peevishly.*)
Oh, come on then, let's ask Wainwright. (*Calls off.*)
Oh, Wainwright!

WAINWRIGHT (*off L.*). Yes.

(*Enter WAINWRIGHT, L. He comes down in front of
counter, and carries letter*)

SPENCER. Wainwright, my sister is bringing a girl for the
dance to-night, and—ah—well, the truth is, we can't
get any one to take her—and we've come to the con-
clusion we'd ask you to—be her escort.

WAINWRIGHT. You flatter me, I'm sure. But I never go
to the dances.

SPENCER. I've a second-best suit of evening clothes that
would fit you all right.

(*WAINWRIGHT looks at him a moment, and then laughs.*)

WAINWRIGHT. You're very kind. But I couldn't do it.

MEADE. You have evening clothes, haven't you, Wain-
wright?

WAINWRIGHT. Yes.

SPENCER. Then what's the matter? Come along. You
dance, don't you?

WAINWRIGHT (*going up R. and opening letters*). Yes.
And I read and write; and I brush my teeth in the
morning, Spencer.

THE SENIOR

SPENCER. Well, of course you dance. Fine. Now this is all you have to do. First to dance around with the girl. Perhaps you say, "Fine floor" or "Bully music," to be entertaining.

WAINWRIGHT. Oh, is that it?

SPENCER. Yes. When the dance is over, you take the girl to the refreshment table, pour her out a glass of lemonade and give it to her,—before drinking any yourself. By that time the music will be starting for the next one. It's very simple.

WAINWRIGHT (*politely*). Yes.

SPENCER. You won't have any trouble. Now, how about it?

WAINWRIGHT. Couldn't think of it.

SPENCER. Well, I'm not going to stand here and coax you.

MEADE. Oh, Perry, cut it out. You're as raw as a piece of beef. (*To WAINWRIGHT.*) The truth is, old man, you could do us a considerable favor by accepting. Won't you think it over?

WAINWRIGHT. Oh, no, Meade, I can't do it.

MEADE. Will you consider it?

WAINWRIGHT (*reluctantly*). Well—yes. But there's no use —

MEADE. Well, give it some thought. We'll be back at lunch time. Come on, Perry; you had better take us over to College Hall in your machine. We're going to have a thunder-storm. (*Looks out of door R.*)

SPENCER. All right. Come on.

MEADE. So long, Wainwright.

COLLINS. } So long.

SPENCER. }

WAINWRIGHT. Good-bye. (*Exeunt COLLINS, SPENCER and MEADE, R.*) Mike! (*Enter MIKE, L.*) Mike, bring in that sign. It's going to rain.

MIKE. Yis, sor.

(*Exit, R.*)

(*WAINWRIGHT goes behind counter, closes window R., takes up ledger-book and starts toward L. He stops with his hand on the counter.*)

WAINWRIGHT (*thoughtfully*). And my mother was known as the finest lady in Virginia. Suppose she had heard any one instructing me how to behave at a dance.

THE SENIOR

(Laughs scornfully. Exit, L.)

(Enter MIKE, R., bearing sign: "A cheerful welcome to tight-wads and spenders alike. The Eat-it-Here Lunch-room.")

MIKE. Sure, it's going to be a real thunder-storm. About half the studjents is going to get caught in it, and the spring crop of last year's straw hats is going to be ruined entirely.

(Stage is getting dark.)

(Enter VIOLET, R.)

VIOLET. Say, Mike, who's the chef in this swell café?

MIKE. Sure, that's me.

VIOLET. Then agitate yourself. I suppose you don't know there's a couple of pans of near-cream setting out where this cloud-burst is going to drown them?

MIKE. My, my, you're the thoughtful one.

(Exit MIKE, L. Begins to rain without. VIOLET looks out door.)

VIOLET (calling off). Say, you Beane boy. Don't you know enough to come in out of the rain? (Enter BEANE, R., stumbling over threshold.) Trying to commit suicide by drowning?

BEANE (hesitatingly). No. I—I—you understand—I——

VIOLET. Contract your chest and shoot it out.

BEANE. I didn't want to buy anything.

VIOLET (sharply). Why don't you feed that opening of yours here? This is the best place.

BEANE. I—I do—when I——

(Enter WAINWRIGHT, L.)

VIOLET. Well, when what?

BEANE (profoundly embarrassed). When I can afford it.

(VIOLET looks at him hard.)

VIOLET. Where did you eat your breakfast?

(BEANE sits on stool and mops his brow.)

BEANE. I wasn't hungry this morning. I——

THE SENIOR

(WAINWRIGHT *sits on stool beside BEANE, and puts hand on his shoulder.*)

WAINWRIGHT. Old man, four years ago I came to college without a penny. And many a day I have lived on one meal. Violet, take Beane out there (*motioning L.*) and let him help himself.

BEANE. Why—thank you, Mr. Wainwright. Say—you—you're —

(*Knocks over breakfast food box in his embarrassment and spills it on the floor. Starts to gather it up.*)

WAINWRIGHT. There, let it alone. (*Puts hand on his shoulder.*) It is good for the floor. Send Mike in to clean it up, Violet.

VIOLET. Come on, Beane, old boy. Don't try to put one of those boxes in your pocket again.

BEANE (*grinning*). All right, Miss Violet. As pa says —

(*Exeunt VIOLET and BEANE.*)

WAINWRIGHT. Hungry! When they start out to earn their own education the first thing they learn is the location of their digestive systems. Whew! I guess I know. (*Goes to work behind counter with books. Enter MIKE, L.; cleans up breakfast food and exits L. It begins to rain hard without.*) Gee! But that's a storm.

(*Enter ELEANOR FORBES, R. Looks about her uncertainly. WAINWRIGHT stands up in surprise.*)

ELEANOR. May I stay here out of the rain?

WAINWRIGHT. To be sure.

ELEANOR. I thought I could make College Hall before it came on hard.

WAINWRIGHT. Won't you have a—I was going to say a chair—but won't you have a stool?

ELEANOR. Thank you. (*Sits down before counter. WAINWRIGHT goes back and starts to write in book.*) I beg your pardon, but I want that half grapefruit, please. (*WAINWRIGHT rises and picks up grapefruit.*) Not that one. There. Thank you.

WAINWRIGHT. I hope it is a good one.

THE SENIOR

(*She eats the fruit, pretending not to notice him. He pretends to work. He goes to door, looks out, and comes back. Thunder heard off.*)

ELEANOR (*finishing*). Now I must pay for this.

(*Opens silver pocketbook.*)

WAINWRIGHT. Never. It is the common law that all mariners, innkeepers and proprietors of small-fry lunch-rooms who preserve people from the blasts of the storm must give them aid and comfort without expense.

ELEANOR. What a convenient rule. (*Looks through her purse.*) Especially as I haven't a penny. (WAINWRIGHT *laughs, takes away her plate, puts it under the counter and hands her finger-bowl.*) Are you the proprietor of this lunch-room? (*Wipes her fingers.*)

WAINWRIGHT. Yes. (*Pause.*)

ELEANOR (*pointing to his watch-charm*). But how does it happen that the proprietor of this "small-fry lunch-room" is also a Phi Beta Kappa?

WAINWRIGHT. Oh—I'm a student at the University—a Senior. (*He comes down L.*)

ELEANOR. How have you managed to do both?

WAINWRIGHT. It was not very difficult. I have paid my way through college with this place.

ELEANOR. But why a lunch-room?

WAINWRIGHT. I found when I first came to college that most of my money went to the restaurants, so I decided to keep one. (*Sits on stool, L.*)

ELEANOR. But it's so—so —

WAINWRIGHT. Lowering?

ELEANOR. That was about the idea. Pardon me if —

(*Pauses, embarrassed.*)

WAINWRIGHT (*thoughtfully*). I felt that way, too, once. But I have had some hard knocks in my life, and I have learned that there is but a small crevice between the low-born and the well-born. The great gulf—I hope you will excuse this rather flowery idea—is between the aristocracy of ambition and the rank and file of sloths and dullards.

ELEANOR. Yes. (*Presently.*) But I would know the gentleman born as soon as I met him.

THE SENIOR

WAINWRIGHT. How?

ELEANOR. Well (*laughing*) I would know when he shook hands with me, I think.

WAINWRIGHT (*earnestly*). That's just it. It's a few practiced tricks and graceful manoeuvres that distinguish the cavalier from the sheep-boy. Nothing more. (*Gets up suddenly and laughs.*) Oh, here I am heaving stones at all the ideas I have been brought up to hold most sacred. Have a grapefruit, won't you, to cool your fevered brow? I forget how my preaching must bore people.

ELEANOR. On the contrary, I never was so much interested.

WAINWRIGHT. Your politeness is glorious.

ELEANOR. Please go on. Talk to me some more.

WAINWRIGHT. As I was saying, Miss — (*Hesitates an instant and goes on quickly.*) As I was —

ELEANOR (*smiling*). I am Miss—Forbes.

WAINWRIGHT. Are you, indeed?

ELEANOR (*surprised*). Does that name mean anything to you?

WAINWRIGHT (*with an air of banter*). Don't you know you made a great hit the last time you were here? The boys are all talking about you. I don't believe they know you are here yet, or they'd be swarming around you.

ELEANOR. They are all very dear and enthusiastic, Mr. —

(*Pauses deliberately.* WAINWRIGHT *laughs.*)

WAINWRIGHT. I am Gordon Wainwright.

ELEANOR. Mr. Wainwright, I am exceedingly obliged to you for your hospitality. I fear, however, it has stopped raining. (*Sun shines in the window.*)

WAINWRIGHT. Has it?

ELEANOR. Maybe it is still raining just a little. (*Opens door and laughs.*) Isn't that provoking? It isn't raining even one drop. The sun's coming out.

WAINWRIGHT. Let me see; isn't the ground too wet?

ELEANOR. No, no. No fair cheating. I must go. Au revoir. Are you coming to the dance?

WAINWRIGHT (*smiling*). Afraid I'm too old.

ELEANOR. Oh, nonsense! Look at me. I'm twenty-two, and see how I hang on. (*Holds out her hand.*) Good-bye.

THE SENIOR

(WAINWRIGHT takes her hand and bows.)

WAINWRIGHT. Good-bye.

ELEANOR. Now I would have known you were a gentleman, from the way you did that. (*Goes R.*)

WAINWRIGHT. Thank you. Please walk by this way the next time it rains. (*Exit ELEANOR, R. WAINWRIGHT sits down at his desk, but instead of working he sits with his pen poised in his hand and gazes absently in front of him. Then he goes R. to window and looks out meditatively in the way ELEANOR has gone. Goes L., and looking down at book on counter, whistles softly. Suddenly he slams the book violently shut.*)
Mike!

(*Enter MIKE, L.*)

MIKE. Yis, sor.

WAINWRIGHT. Go tell Bernstein to send up for my evening clothes and press them. I'm going to the dance to-night.

MIKE (*grinning*). Yis, sor!

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*Foyer of the college gymnasium. This is supposed to be a sort of wide hall or room used as a place to promenade between dances. Lemonade table up L. Screen up R. Potted plants in corners.*

(*Discovered, VIOLET and BEANE. VIOLET is dressed in a bright cheap dress, with a large plaid bow in her hair. BEANE is in a dress suit of large proportions, with the trousers turned up, the shirt front mussed and the necktie tied in a vertical manner. Music is playing very softly off.*)

VIOLET (*surveying him*). Well, Beaney, old buckshot, if you and Adonist was placed in a bag and shook up, people couldn't never tell you apart.

BEANE. Who's Adonist?

VIOLET (*witheringly*). Say, Beaney, you got a brain like a dollar watch. Why, listen; Adonist he was one of those old-time fellows that went in strong for fussing the women. Why, don't you know, he was the guy that put his ermine overcoat down in a place where they was repairing a sewer so Queen Elizabeth wouldn't get her feet muddy.

BEANE (*fervently*). Now isn't that just like a woman? Never takes her overshoes when she needs 'em most. Why, pa says —

VIOLET. Look-a-here! No reflections on my sex, if you please. Don't you suppose a queen has got somethin' else to think about besides overshoes?

BEANE. She had no call to make anybody put his best overcoat down in the mud. Wasn't there a piece of burlap bag or a board anywhere around?

VIOLET (*disgusted*). Oh, you make me ill.

BEANE (*propitiatingly*). How much does an ermine coat cost?

VIOLET (*mollified*). Well, the real article, three-quarter length, costs — (*Stops to think.*) Well, the cheapest I ever seen 'em was at Goldenberg's for twenty-three seventy-nine. The imitations, of course, is cheaper.

THE SENIOR

BEANE. Gee! He must have been a sport. This Adonist —

VIOLET (*interrupting*). Say, listen. Go bring me the sugar, pinhead.

(*Stirs lemonade. BEANE goes behind screen for sugar.*)

BEANE (*bringing sugar*). Well, was he—(*hesitating*) was he —

VIOLET (*impatiently*). Yes. Get it out.

BEANE. Was he — What business was this Adonist chap in?

VIOLET (*pityingly*). Say, listen. Didn't you ever learn nothing on that farm you was brought up on? The only business he had was being Adonist. Artist fellows used to paint his picture setting on a rock with a zither in his hand and—and—without his clothes.

BEANE (*shocked*). Violet! I don't think that's ladylike.

VIOLET (*defiantly*). I don't care. They did. There's a picture of him over at the art museum. Though how he could set out the way he did on a jagged rock without a cushion is more than I can understand.

(Music starts into two step off L.)

BEANE (*looking off L.*). There they go.

VIOLET (*looking off L.*). Oh, there's Mr. Wainwright. Gee! He's the real candy, ain't he? But that Spencer girl with him—ugh! She's such a lemon it puckers my mouth to look at her.

BEANE (*attempting, after several false starts, to put his arm around her*). I know a lady that's no lemon though.

VIOLET (*pushing him away, but looking pleased*). Ain't you got no manners, Beaney? Besides, everybody can see you here.

BEANE. I don't care. Let 'em. Say, Miss Violet —

(Enter ELEANOR and SPENCER, L.)

ELEANOR (*to VIOLET*). Have you a needle and thread? I've torn my skirt. (*Goes across stage to R.*) See you in a minute, Perry. (*Stops.*) Oh, Perry! I have a vacant dance on my program. Am I supposed to dispose of it if any one asks for it?

THE SENIOR

SPENCER (*smiling knowingly*). Yes. If any one asks you !
ELEANOR. You uncomplimentary boy ! Why do you say
if any one asks me ?

SPENCER (*laughing blandly*). Just wait and see.

ELEANOR. All right. (*To VIOLET.*) Will you help me
fix my dress ?

VIOLET. Yes.

(*Exeunt ELEANOR and VIOLET, R. BEANE awkwardly stirs
lemonade, taking large drinks now and then with a
critical air, as though tasting it.*)

(*Enter DUFFIELD, C.*)

SPENCER. Hello, Dub ; what're you doing here ? Thought
you didn't believe in dances. Have some lemonade ?

DUFFIELD. No, thanks ; just eating a cough lozenge. Good
for the throat, you know.

SPENCER. Here, Ganymede, some ambrosia.

BEANE (*stiffly*). My name ain't Meadey.

SPENCER. Why—hullo—it's our graceful Freshman friend.
All right, fresh. Let's have the lemonade.

(*BEANE attempts to ladle out lemonade and spills most of it
on the floor.*)

DUFFIELD (*looking at lemonade on the floor*). Have you
on ovahshoes ?

BEANE. No, sir.

DUFFIELD. You should have. If you keep on like that
you will catch youah death of dampness before the
evening is ovah.

BEANE. Yes, sir. I'll get them, sir.

(*Darts behind screen, emerges with overshoes and puts
them on.*)

DUFFIELD (*seriously*). That's very much bettah. (*To
SPENCER.*) Spencer, they tell me that no girl at the
Lakeville Senior hop ever has the dawnce just before
suppah engaged.

SPENCER. No. That number is left vacant.

DUFFIELD. Why is that ? I never go to these dawnces.
The girl dawnces it with her partner, I suppose.

SPENCER. Yes. It's just a quaint college custom, you
know.

THE SENIOR

DUFFIELD. Quaint! Oh, d'yuh me!

SPENCER. You see, it is generally understood that no man will ask a girl for the dance, so her partner naturally gets it.

(Music stops.)

(Enter MISS WHITE and WAINWRIGHT, L.)

MISS W. I wish they wouldn't play the music so fast. It bores me to extinction.

WAINWRIGHT. It was fast. Have some lemonade.

MISS W. Oh, no. I hate lemonade.

WAINWRIGHT. How about the moon? Does that bore you? We might go out on the balcony.

(Goes toward door c.)

MISS W. In just a minute. I think my skirt is torn.

(Exit, L. WAINWRIGHT comes down R.)

(Enter COLLINS and MISS JONES, c.)

COLLINS *(laughing)*. And upon my word I haven't seen her since that day.

MISS J. Naughty, impolite boy. *(To BEANE.)* Some lemonade. Not a full glass. *(Sees DUFFIELD.)* Oh, you old bachelor! Who would have expected to see you here? *(Shakes hands with him. To BEANE, who brings lemonade.)* Oh, you're spilling it!

(BEANE spills lemonade.)

DUFFIELD. Nevah mind. He is well protected against the rising tide by his goloshes.

(COLLINS, MISS J. and DUFFIELD converse down L.)

SPENCER *(crossing to WAINWRIGHT, down R., with a patronizing air)*. Now, if you get in a tight place, and don't know what is the proper thing to do, just call on me, old man.

WAINWRIGHT *(dryly)*. Thank you, Spencer.

SPENCER. Let me look at your clothes. *(Surveys him critically.)* Well, you do pretty well—you do pretty well. You look almost as if you had been used to this sort of thing all your life.

THE SENIOR

WAINWRIGHT. Now, that is very encouraging, really.

(He strolls slowly up stage and stands looking out door c.)

(Enter MISS SPENCER, MISS W., and ELEANOR, R. MISS S. comes down R. to SPENCER. MISS W. crosses L., and speaks to COLLINS. ELEANOR crosses L., and speaks to MISS J. and DUFFIELD.)

COLLINS. I think this next is ours, Miss White.

(COLLINS and MISS W. exeunt L.)

SPENCER *(to MISS S.)*. For goodness' sake take Wainwright away. I don't want to have to introduce him to Eleanor.

MISS S. Oh, I'm the patient martyr. Come on, Mr. Wainwright. *(Goes L.)*

ELEANOR *(seeing WAINWRIGHT)*. Oh, Gerty, dear, don't run away. I haven't seen you a minute yet.

(They stand c.)

MISS S. *(sweetly)*. Mr. Wainwright, Perry is dying to smoke a cigarette with you.

(WAINWRIGHT turns and comes slowly down c.)

ELEANOR. Oh, please don't punish any one by making him smoke a cigarette with Perry. Why can't Mr. —

(Looks at WAINWRIGHT.)

MISS S. *(resignedly)*. Oh, I beg your pardon. Eleanor, let me present Mr. Wainwright—Miss Forbes. *(Music begins L.)* Oh, come, we must go in.

ELEANOR *(to WAINWRIGHT)*. What a shame!

WAINWRIGHT. Have you a spare dance, Miss Forbes?

ELEANOR. Have you the ninth taken?

WAINWRIGHT. No.

ELEANOR. I'll give you half of that. It's Perry's. He won't mind.

(ELEANOR turns to DUFFIELD. MISS J. laughs and SPENCER looks daggers at WAINWRIGHT. Exeunt L., DUFFIELD and ELEANOR, followed by WAINWRIGHT and MISS J., the latter still laughing.)

THE SENIOR

VIOLET (*putting head in R., and speaking with great politeness*). Oh, Mr. Beane, would you kindly come here for one moment?

(*Exit VIOLET, R.*)

BEANE. Sure!

(*He goes hastily R., tripping over Miss S.'s gown and exits R.*)

MISS S. Dear me, how awkward!

SPENCER. I guess this is our dance, isn't it?

MISS S. Let's not dance. I want to talk to you. Perry, why in the world did you get this lunch-counter man to bring Mary White? She's found out who he is, and she's simply furious. Oh, Perry, will she have to dance the supper dance with him?

SPENCER (*gloomily*). I suppose so. (*Brightens up.*) Oh, I don't know. Maybe not.

MISS S. (*eagerly*). Can we get out of it?

SPENCER. Leave it to me.

MISS S. What are you going to do?

SPENCER (*taking up her dance card*). You see the tenth dance? That is the supper dance, and it is vacant on every girl's card.

MISS S. (*with interest*). Yes. But she's supposed to dance it with the ham sandwich merchant, anyway, isn't she?

SPENCER. Ordinarily, yes. But on this occasion——
(*Pauses expressively.*) Well, I guess he's a little too green to object.

MISS S. (*drawing a sigh*). Oh! I feel relieved.

(*Music, which has been playing softly, stops.*)

SPENCER. He's dancing this with Miss Jones. When they come out, freeze on to the Jones girl, and I'll tell him what's what!

(*Enter Miss J. and WAINWRIGHT, L.*)

MISS S. (*with sudden enthusiasm*). Oh, Peggy, I have something to tell you.

MISS J. Oh -not a new engagement!

THE SENIOR

MISS S. Well, I can't tell you who, but it will be announced in a few weeks.

MISS J. (*taking Miss S. by the arm and hurrying toward c. with her*). Excuse us, gentlemen.

(Exeunt, c.)

SPENCER (*down R.*). Oh, Wainwright! (*WAINWRIGHT comes down R.*) You're getting on all right. It isn't so hard, you see, if you keep your mouth shut.

WAINWRIGHT (*smiling*). Did you ever try that, Spencer?

SPENCER (*hastily*). Well, I meant when you first try it. (*Hesitates.*) Wainwright, did I fill your tenth dance for you?

WAINWRIGHT. No, it is vacant. I understand, however, that that is the custom in the case of the supper dance, and you dance it with your partner, anyway.

SPENCER (*coolly*). Oh, my goodness no. We just couldn't fill that dance for you.

(WAINWRIGHT looks straight at SPENCER for a moment.)

WAINWRIGHT (*quietly*). All right, Spencer.

SPENCER. You know, anyway, it's really better not to have a partner at supper. (*Confidentially.*) You get so much more to eat.

WAINWRIGHT. Do you?

SPENCER. That is, so they say. And, Wainwright, you take off your white gloves at supper, you know.

WAINWRIGHT (*gently*). My, what a man you are for knowing things!

SPENCER (*modestly*). It's the way I was brought up.

(They go toward c.)

WAINWRIGHT. Did I understand you to say there was nothing to this tradition that you dance the tenth dance with your partner?

SPENCER. Oh, forget that. Certainly not. If there is no name on the card the dance is not taken.

WAINWRIGHT. Very good. If there is no name on the card, the dance is not taken.

(Enter ELEANOR, COLLINS and MEADE, L. COLLINS' collar is wilted, he is mopping his brow freely, and giving other evidences of having a "glorious time.")

THE SENIOR

COLLINS. Let's all come back to the Senior hop next year.

Never had such a time as I'm having to-night.

ELEANOR. Oh, you children! Don't you know that this time next year you will be sitting up on a high stool adding two-and-two-are-six?

MEADE. Oh, I'm always coming back—every year.

(*Enter Miss J. and Miss S., c.*)

SPENCER. Eleanor, is this our dance?

ELEANOR. Yes.

WAINWRIGHT. Is this the one I am to have half of?

ELEANOR. Yes; if you want it.

WAINWRIGHT. If I want it!

(*The dance is a "barn dance," and SPENCER and ELEANOR start dancing on stage and dance off L. MISS J. and COLLINS dance off. MISS S. and MEADE dance off. They all return and fill the stage, dancing. More people may be introduced to make the picture. They finally all dance off at L. WAINWRIGHT, who has wandered off at R., returns, crosses stage, and exits L.*)

(*Enter VIOLET and BEANE, R., doing an attempt at the barn dance.*)

VIOLET. Gee, ain't this great, Beaney?

BEANE. You bet! Why, as pa says—

(*Enter ELEANOR and WAINWRIGHT. They are looking at floor.*)

ELEANOR. Yes, my handkerchief. I'm sure I dropped it in here.

(*WAINWRIGHT looks about. VIOLET and BEANE stop dancing, abashed.*)

VIOLET (*in dismay*). Oh, my, let's vamoose!

BEANE. Yes—before they say it.

(*Exeunt VIOLET and BEANE, R.*)

ELEANOR (*laughing*). We scared them. Who was that girl, Mr. Wainwright?

WAINWRIGHT. Oh, Violet? She's a product of the University. She's an institution here. I don't believe

THE SENIOR

Lakeville could exist without Violet. But I guess she's here to-night to help with the lemonade.

ELEANOR. She seemed rather abashed by your commanding presence.

WAINWRIGHT. Have I one of those things?

ELEANOR. To be sure you have. That Lighthorse-Harry air of yours strikes awe to the heart of the stoutest female.

WAINWRIGHT. Well, I don't care. I don't like stout females.

ELEANOR. Not obese, foolish. I mean self-possessed.

WAINWRIGHT. You mean I'm dignified. Is there anything else the matter with me?

ELEANOR. You are dignified! I'd so like to try you on my aunt.

WAINWRIGHT. Your aunt?

ELEANOR. Mrs. Lee. She is the most self-possessed person you ever heard of. The aplomb of the rock of Gibraltar is nothing compared with hers.

WAINWRIGHT. Then I hope I shall never meet her.

ELEANOR. You doubtless will. She is ill just now from the fatigue of her journey, but she will be about to-morrow. (*Looks off L.*) Oh, there's my handkerchief! Gerty's waving it at me. Excuse me. (*Goes L.*)

WAINWRIGHT (*going L.*). I'll get it.

ELEANOR. No. I must speak to Gerty.

WAINWRIGHT. Oh, certainly. By the way, Miss Forbes——

ELEANOR (*stopping*). Yes?

WAINWRIGHT. Have you the tenth dance—the supper dance, you know—engaged?

ELEANOR. No, I haven't. I've been wondering whom I would dance it with.

WAINWRIGHT. Will you dance it with me?

ELEANOR (*laughing a little excitedly*). Yes, certainly. (*Calls off L.*) I'm coming, Gerty. (*To WAINWRIGHT, as she is going out.*) Don't forget!

(*Exit, L.*)

WAINWRIGHT. No, I won't forget.

(*Exit slowly, C.*)

(*Enter SPENCER, COLLINS and MEADE, L.*)

THE SENIOR

COLLINS. Oh, you lucky dog, Perry. Going to sit it out with Eleanor Forbes, eh?

MEADE. Now just restrain yourself, Perry.

COLLINS. That's right. Don't let her know you love her all in a bunch. Let it down on her gradually, like a beautiful purple sunrise.

SPENCER. Say, Pug, you've been writing out a proposal for somebody.

COLLINS. Sure. Got it off the last dance. Great success.

MEADE. Congratulations.

COLLINS. Cut it. She turned me down. But, man, I did it so well!

(Exit COLLINS, L.)

MEADE. I guess that's art for art's sake! Where are you going to sit out this supper dance with Miss Forbes, Perry?

SPENCER. Nick, I have a real place. You know the bench by the fountain? (*Draws MEADE down R.*)

MEADE. Yes.

SPENCER. It's perfectly glorious in the moonlight. I've bribed one of the waiters to bring our supper out there. Nick, if I don't make a hit to-night (*doing a little skip*), I guess my name isn't Perry Spencer.

(*Music starts up.*)

MEADE. Well, good luck to you. There goes the music for the supper dance now.

(*Enter ELEANOR and MISS S., followed by DUFFIELD. MISS S. looks down at her skirt.*)

DUFFIELD (*apologetically*). Oh, I'm awfully sorry. Is it torn—badly, I mean?

MISS S. Oh, no. It's not so bad—(*smiling*) considering; is it, Eleanor?

ELEANOR (*smiling*). Oh, no.

DUFFIELD. Say—you're both laughing at me. I don't care. Come have some lemonade.

(DUFFIELD, MISS S. and ELEANOR go up. DUFFIELD hands ELEANOR lemonade, and she drinks it, standing up C. DUFFIELD and MISS S. are up L.)

(*Enter COLLINS and MISS J., L.*)

THE SENIOR

MISS J. Oh—is that the supper dance?

COLLINS. Yes. Hungry?

MISS J. I could eat a house.

(They start slowly L., talking.)

SPENCER *(who has been waiting for ELEANOR to speak to him)*. Eleanor, is this ours?

(MISS J. lays her hand on COLLINS' arm and pauses L., smiling.)

ELEANOR. I think not.

(She examines her card, coming down a few steps.)

SPENCER *(smiling indulgently)*. Oh, yes. It's the dinner dance.

ELEANOR. Your name is not on my card.

(MISS S. comes down L., followed by DUFFIELD.)

SPENCER *(waving his hand airily)*. But that is always understood.

ELEANOR. You said I could give it to any one who asked me.

(The smile vanishes from SPENCER's face. He falls back a step as if some one had struck him, C. Every one is looking at SPENCER and ELEANOR. There is a silence. VIOLET and BEANE appear at door R.)

SPENCER *(stammering)*. Yes, but surely you haven't given it to any one else? Why, who ——

(Enter WAINWRIGHT, C. He comes down and stops a little behind ELEANOR.)

WAINWRIGHT *(quietly)*. Miss Forbes, is this our dance?

ELEANOR. Yes. *(To SPENCER.)* I have given this to Mr. Wainwright.

(SPENCER stands perfectly still with his teeth set and his hands tightly clenched.)

WAINWRIGHT. There is a perfectly bully bench, Miss Forbes, out by the fountain. Suppose we sit this out there,

THE SENIOR

(ELEANOR *nods*, goes to WAINWRIGHT's side. *The music starts to play and they go out together at c.* MISS J. *laughs.*)

CURTAIN

(Picture just before final exit.)

BEANE	MISS S.	DUFFIELD
VIOLET		
	ELEANOR	WAINWRIGHT
SPENCER		MISS J.
MEADE		COLLINS

ACT III

SCENE.—*Terrace overlooking campus.*

(SPENCER and COLLINS discovered sitting on bench. They smoke in silence.)

SPENCER (*glumly*). He went to the ball game with her yesterday.

COLLINS. Humph! No wonder we lost.

SPENCER. Last night she stayed away from the Alumni reception.

COLLINS (*lugubriously*). I know it.

SPENCER. What she did instead was to drive over to Centretown with him.

COLLINS (*mournfully*). To get some chocolate ice-cream.

SPENCER. That's what she said.

COLLINS. When they served chocolate and vanilla and strawberry at the reception.

SPENCER (*irritably*). Oh, Pug, you make me tired. Always talking about your stomach—even in the most dramatic moments of your life.

MEADE (*heard off*). All out for the Senior pee-rade!

(*Enter MEADE, L., hurrying across stage.*)

COLLINS. Hey, there, Meade, old cock, what's up?

MEADE (*stopping and surveying them in disgust*). Why aren't you fellows dressed for the Senior pee-rade? I believe if we'd tell you about it a month before you'd be late.

COLLINS. You aren't dressed.

MEADE. I will be. Anyway, I've other things to do first. It's no cinch being marshal of the pee-rade.

SPENCER. So have we other things to think about.

MEADE (*turning to SPENCER*). What?

SPENCER. Do you notice what monkeys our lunch-room proprietor is making of us?

MEADE (*earnestly*). By thunder, that's a shame. For the decency and respectability of the class we ought not to allow that.

SPENCER (*hotly*). Of course we ought not to.

COLLINS. Any man that would serve a fellow such a low trick as he served Perry at the dance —

MEADE. I know. Of course he deserves a lot of credit. "From street-gamin to bank president"—soft music—grand climax—handkerchiefs all around. Very touching! But that doesn't give him a non-transferable butt-in ticket.

SPENCER. Are Miss Forbes—and her aunt, Mrs. Lee—or any other visitor who comes here to find out what Lakeville students are like—going to be forced to base their opinion on a lunch-room keeper?

COLLINS (*blustering*). I say we ought not to allow it.

MEADE. I think when Mrs. Lee comes we will see a different face on affairs.

COLLINS. Mrs. Lee is better. She is coming to the campus to see the pee-rade.

MEADE. Ah—ha. Then we will soon see the eclipse of Wainwright.

COLLINS. Oh, won't we! Mrs. Lee is the original frigid glacier.

MEADE. And when she hears the two words "lunch-room,"—take it from me, the temperature is going to drop down to the absolute zero.

SPENCER. I'll promise you that. Mrs. Lee is one of the old-school F. F. V.'s.

MEADE. The dear fast-fading-Virginians. Well, she will congeal poor old Wainwright.

COLLINS. So much so that they won't be able to serve anything for the next year at his lunch-room but ice-cream and nervous pudding.

MEADE. Now you fellows hurry and dress up for the pee-rade. (*Suddenly.*) Oh, we must have a Freshman for the front legs of the sacrificial calf.

(*Enter BEANE, L., walking slowly backward and pausing at every other step to wave a large, bright-colored handkerchief toward L. He trips over COLLINS' outstretched legs and lands at MEADE's feet.*)

SPENCER (*laughing*). There's your meat, Meade.

BEANE (*scrambling up wildly*). You tripped me. I saw you. You tripped me on purpose, an' as pa says —

MEADE (*grabbing his collar*). Hire a hall for that, fresh.

THE SENIOR

• Come along. You're elected to be the front end of a calf.

(*They all rush him off R., BEANE protesting loudly. Sound of automobile heard off L. Horn toots.*)

(*Enter MRS. LEE, ELEANOR and JEAN, L. JEAN stands stiffly at rear of stage, heels together, blanket over his arm.*)

MRS. L. (*coldly*). Is there no one here to receive us?

ELEANOR. Mr. Collins was to meet us at four.

MRS. L. (*over her shoulder*). What time was it, Jean, when we arrived here?

JEAN (*without moving*). It lacked one minute of four. The clock has been running a trifle fast.

MRS. L. (*icily*). Be good enough in the future to have the correct time.

JEAN. Yes, Mrs. Lee.

ELEANOR. Won't you sit down, Aunt Harriet?

MRS. L. (*sarcastically*). Oh, must we sit down and await the gentleman's pleasure? Jean, spread the blanket. (JEAN *spreads blanket.*) That will do.

JEAN. What time shall I return?

MRS. L. You will return at six o'clock—correct time.

JEAN. Very good, ma'am.

(*Touches hat and exits L.*)

MRS. L. This is a sample of northern hospitality—not too effusive, not too gushing—but extremely simple. Have you my fan? (ELEANOR *hands fan.* MRS. L., *sweepingly.*) Are there any gentlemen in this University?

ELEANOR. Why, Aunt Harriet, they are all gentlemen. Mr. Spencer is a gentleman.

MRS. L. Chut. He's a coxcomb.

ELEANOR. Why, Aunt Harriet!

MRS. L. Letty Page used to say the first test of a gentleman is that he shall produce one idea a day. Perry Spencer doesn't experience one in a week.

ELEANOR. Oh, hardly so —

MRS. L. You will be so good, Eleanor, as not to contradict me. I have just made a statement of fact. (*Abruptly.*) What man have you seen most of?

ELEANOR. Well—there's a Mr. Wainwright —

THE SENIOR

MRS. L. What Wainwrights?

ELEANOR. Really I don't know about his family.

MRS. L. I don't like this promiscuous gathering up of men.
I wish to see him.

ELEANOR. He will be here to-day.

MRS. L. Will you please look and see if any of our distinguished cavaliers are hastening to greet us.

(ELEANOR goes R.)

ELEANOR. Here come Gerty Spencer and Mr. Collins now.

(Enter MISS S. and COLLINS.)

MISS S. Oh, did you get here before us? How do you do, Mrs. Lee?

MRS. L. I feel almost as if I had spent the night here.

MISS S. I'm so sorry.

ELEANOR. Aunt Harriet, I wish to present Mr. Collins.

(COLLINS bows stiffly and says nothing.)

MRS. L. How do you do, Mr. Collins? Eleanor, I wish you wouldn't use that form of introduction. Refer to me as "My aunt, Mrs. Lee," and not "Aunt Harriet." Then the young man wouldn't stand there gibbering and trying to remember my name.

ELEANOR. Yes, aunt. Won't you sit down, Gerty?

MRS. L. Sit here. I want to talk to you. Eleanor, take Mr. Collins for a stroll.

ELEANOR. Oh, fine. Let's go look at the water lilies, Mr. Collins.

(Exeunt, R.)

(Miss S. sits by MRS. L.)

MRS. L. Miss Spencer, I suppose you girls have met all the nice men by now, and had a great success.

MISS S. I have had a good time. But my friend, Mary White, hasn't. A perfectly horrid man took her to the dance.

MRS. L. (*calmly*). What was his name?

MISS S. Wainwright.

(MRS. L. lifts her lorgnette.)

THE SENIOR

MRS. L. You say he is horrid?

MISS S. Terribly so. He keeps a lunch-room somewhere on the ——

MRS. L. Do I understand you aright? You say he—keeps—a—lunch-room?

MISS S. Yes.

MRS. L. A place where they sell pies and sandwiches over a counter?

MISS S. Yes.

MRS. L. Hand me my smelling-salts.

(*Enter COLLINS and ELEANOR, R.*)

ELEANOR. Mr. Collins says he must go to dress for the Senior pee-rade.

MISS S. Oh, I promised to pin up Perry. Will you excuse me for just a moment, Mrs. Lee?

(*MISS S. makes her best smile. COLLINS makes his best bow. Exeunt MISS S. and COLLINS, R.*)

MRS. L. Eleanor, I understand Mr. Wainwright keeps a lunch-room.

ELEANOR. Yes. A very good one.

MRS. L. I do not inquire into the quality of his wares; only into the quality that would make a person of your position so far forget herself.

ELEANOR. He is a gentleman.

MRS. L. Don't be flippant, Eleanor. As Letty Page used to say, no well-bred person considers her tradesmen as her equals.

ELEANOR (*impatiently*). Aunt Harriet, you are always quoting Letty Page. She isn't the Bible.

MRS. L. (*severely*). Eleanor!

ELEANOR (*stiffly*). I beg your pardon ——

MRS. L. Letty Page, besides having a very clever mind, was the most polished gentlewoman I ever saw. In regard to this man, have I your promise not to see him again?

ELEANOR. Oh, Aunt Harriet!

MRS. L. Look at me! Do you owe anything to me?

ELEANOR. You know I owe everything to you. You have been more than a mother to me.

MRS. L. Then I ask you not to see this lunch-room person again.

ELEANOR. But he is ——

MRS. L. I don't want to hear about him. Do you love him?

ELEANOR (*angrily*). No!

MRS. L. That is the only reason you would refuse not to see him again.

(*Pause.*)

ELEANOR (*calmly*). May I see him once? I have a silver lead pencil of his.

MRS. L. And no oftener.

ELEANOR (*slowly*). And—no—oftener. I'll go away to-night.

MRS. L. Then kiss me.

(ELEANOR *kisses her*. *Drum and fife heard off L.*)

(*Enter MISS S., R.*)

MISS S. Mrs. Lee, don't you want to go hear the music?

MRS. L. Is that music?

ELEANOR. Oh, yes. The University band isn't so bad as it sounds.

(*Exeunt, L.*)

(*Enter MEADE, R., dressed in white sailor suit, followed by COLLINS dressed as "Buster Brown," SPENCER as a cowboy, and DUFFIELD as a monk.*)

DUFFIELD. Pax vobiscum, mes enfants. Gee, but this bathrobe is hot! Where is the sacred calf grazing?

COLLINS. Yonder. I'll bring her.

(*Exit R. and reënters leading "sacred calf," which is composed of BEANE and THOMPSON. BEANE is the front man and wears a crude cow's head with wooden horns. A sort of cloak or curtain painted black and white like a cow extends over THOMPSON. This is provided with a tail, which THOMPSON switches about in a lifelike manner. There is a garland of paper flowers about the animal's neck.*)

MEADE. Now, at the critical moment, I turn around and hit the sacrificial calf on the head with this switch.

(*Waves large, heavy wooden cudgel.*)

THE SENIOR

BEANE. Oh, look here, I'm not going to —

SPENCER. Make that cow shut up.

MEADE. Forward the Beef Trust !

(*They start off L.*)

BEANE. Say, you Thompson, stop treading on my heels.

COLLINS. Here, you cow, shut up !

BEANE. I'm not going to be a cow if he doesn't stop tramping on me. (*They start. THOMPSON steps on BEANE again.*) Here, you quit it.

(*Turns around and pitches into THOMPSON. There is a free fight for a minute, and then BEANE breaks away and runs off R., all the others following, shouting madly.*)

(*Enter ELEANOR, L.*)

ELEANOR. Goodness, what a hubbub. (*Looks off for a moment R.*) I wonder where Aunt Harriet left her fan? (*Looks on bench.*)

(*Enter WAINWRIGHT, R.*)

WAINWRIGHT. Have you lost something ?

ELEANOR (*seriously*). I have lost a great deal. But what I was looking for was my aunt's fan.

WAINWRIGHT (*pointedly*). What else have you lost ?

ELEANOR (*ignoring his question*). I am going away to-night.

WAINWRIGHT. To-night !

ELEANOR. Yes. I am so glad you came here. I wanted to see you. I —

WAINWRIGHT. But to-night is so soon.

ELEANOR (*hurriedly*). You have been very nice to me. I shall always remember it.

WAINWRIGHT. When am I to see you again ?

ELEANOR. Perhaps never. I am going a long way off.

WAINWRIGHT. Then I am going, too.

ELEANOR. Foolish.

WAINWRIGHT. Foolish? No. It's different from that. Where you go, Eleanor, I go. I loved you the moment I first saw you in my little shop, I love you now, and I always will love you. That's the sort of foolishness that has me in its grasp now.

THE SENIOR

ELEANOR (*faintly*). Oh!

WAINWRIGHT. I am not going to let you go. You are all my life. I love you. I can't let you go. (*She sinks down on bench, and covers her face.* WAINWRIGHT *takes a couple of turns before her.*) Well?

ELEANOR (*looking up*). I just now promised my aunt I would see you this once and never again.

(WAINWRIGHT *looks at her in amazement.*)

WAINWRIGHT (*dazed*). This—once—and never again.

ELEANOR. My aunt has brought me up since childhood.

I owe everything to her. She has certain plans for me.

WAINWRIGHT. There is another man?

ELEANOR. Not exactly. But I have promised her I would never marry any one but a son of one of the old families. Oh, I wish there was no such thing as family!

WAINWRIGHT. A son of one of the old families?

ELEANOR. Yes.

WAINWRIGHT. One of the old Virginia families?

ELEANOR. Yes.

(*Pause.*)

WAINWRIGHT. I must go now.

ELEANOR. Don't go so soon. This is the last time I shall see you.

WAINWRIGHT. Perhaps.

ELEANOR. I am going away to-night.

WAINWRIGHT. Good-bye—till we meet again.

ELEANOR. Good-bye—forever. Please think of me sometimes.

WAINWRIGHT. In all my waking hours.

(*Exit, R.*)

(ELEANOR *looks after him a moment and then sits down on bench.* Enter VIOLET, L. Sees ELEANOR, considers her a moment, draws a long face, goes over to R., looks after WAINWRIGHT. *Smiles.*)

VIOLET. Oh, how d'y do? Say, did you see Mr. Beane?

ELEANOR. Mr. Beane?

VIOLET. Yes—he's a Freshman. You seen him at the dance. He was helpin' me with the lemonade.

THE SENIOR

ELEANOR. Oh, yes, I remember him.

VIOLET (*enthusiastically*). Say, ain't he handsome? (ELEANOR *looks off R. absently*.) Ain't this heat somethin' fierce?

ELEANOR (*absently*). Yes.

VIOLET. I never seen such a day, did you?

ELEANOR. No.

VIOLET (*aside*). Homesick for her mother! (*Suddenly*.)

Miss Forbes, Mrs. Lee said she wanted you.

ELEANOR (*rising*). Thank you.

(*Exit, L.*)

VIOLET. I reckon she has a leather-plated grouch. (*Enter BEANE, R., running, still in costume of forward part of cow. Falls over bench. Scrambles to his feet and bumps into VIOLET. VIOLET, sharply.*) See here, you fresh, look where you're a-going.

BEANE. I can't see. This thing is twisted.

VIOLET (*severely*). Harvey Beane, what do you mean by dressing up in such an outlandish thing?

BEANE. Is that you, Violet? (*Feels round for her.*)

VIOLET. Yes, and don't you touch me, Harvey Beane.

BEANE. Say, Violet, undo me!

(*VIOLET attempts to lift the head off him, gets it almost off, when it slips down and envelopes them both. Struggle occurs and then both emerge.*)

VIOLET (*excitedly*). You did that a-purpose.

BEANE (*mildly*). I couldn't move the thing an inch one way or the other.

VIOLET. It's fierce nowadays how a lady gets insulted everywhere she goes.

BEANE (*worried*). By jingo, I bet I did the wrong thing, somehow. (*Grins.*)

VIOLET. I don't know as I ever can speak to you again.

BEANE (*aside*). I guess I got to ask her to marry me. I got to do it now. (*Snaps fingers.*) As pa says—

VIOLET. Never mind your pa; can't you say something on your own hook?

BEANE (*standing on one foot*). Say, Violet—

VIOLET (*acidly*). What?

BEANE. Will you be mine? (*Sighs.*)

VIOLET (*contemptuously*). Good-night!

THE SENIOR

BEANE. You spurn me !

VIOLET. One of the best, hand-made, triple-extract spurns
you ever experienced.

BEANE. Gee ! (*Sighs as though relieved.*)

VIOLET. Well.

(BEANE smiles and edges toward R.)

BEANE (*blandly*). Well, see you again, some time.

VIOLET. Four flusher ! That don't go here. (*Grabs him
and starts off L.*) I guess the safest thing for you is
for us to have an interview with mother.

BEANE (*resignedly*). There seems to be no way of resisting
you women, once you get your minds made up. Well,
as pa says —

(Exeunt, L.)

*(Enter THOMPSON, DUFFIELD, SPENCER, COLLINS and
MEADE, still in costume, R.)*

THOMPSON. There he goes. (*Points after BEANE.*)

MEADE. Well, Thompson, you go get him. He's your
anterior portion.

THOMPSON. All right.

(Exit, L.)

SPENCER. Collins, I thought Mrs. Lee was to view the
procession from here ?

COLLINS. So she was. (*Looks off L.*) They are coming
now.

SPENCER. So they are. (*Turns to MEADE.*) Nick, this
is a good time to settle that Wainwright matter.

MEADE. You mean to let Mrs. Lee annihilate him now ?

SPENCER. And show him his place.

COLLINS. Suppose he won't come ?

SPENCER. He'll come. All these climbers fall over them-
selves to meet real people.

MEADE (*looking off R.*). There he goes now up to his
room.

SPENCER. I'll go get him.

(Exit, R.)

COLLINS. Poor old Wainwright. I feel sorry for him.

MEADE. So do I. But he brought it on himself.

THE SENIOR

(*Enter MRS. L., MISS S., MISS J., and ELEANOR, L. They greet each other. MRS. L. sits on bench.*)

MISS S. Mrs. Lee, I want to present Mr. Meade and Mr. Duffield.

MRS. L. How do you do? How gorgeous you all are. Mr. Collins, how well your costume shows off your figure.

COLLINS. Why, yes.

DUFFIELD. Don't make him laugh, Mrs. Lee. His costume bursts under pressure.

MRS. L. Your word is law, reverend father.

MISS S. (*to MEADE*). Here comes Perry with Mr. Wainwright. Poor Mr. Wainwright.

(*Enter SPENCER and WAINWRIGHT, R. WAINWRIGHT bows to the assembled company as SPENCER speaks to MRS. L. He stands calmly behind SPENCER, observing MRS. L.*)

SPENCER. How do you do, Mrs. Lee? Do you remember me?

MRS. L. Very well, Mr. Spencer. I remember you when you were a very awkward, impossible infant. I suppose you have recovered from that now?

SPENCER. I hope so, I'm sure. Mrs. Lee, I wish to present Mr. Wainwright.

(*MRS. L. and ELEANOR, C. SPENCER, WAINWRIGHT, COLLINS and MEADE, R. MISS S., MISS J., L. All the people who have been conversing with each other stop suddenly. There is a dead silence. MRS. L. gazes at WAINWRIGHT with a stony stare through her lorgnettes. WAINWRIGHT steps forward and bows composedly.*)

WAINWRIGHT (*ignoring her stare*). It is a pleasure, I am sure, to have you at Lakeville, Mrs. Lee.

MRS. L. Is this the Mr. Wainwright—the proprietor of a quick lunch-counter?

WAINWRIGHT. Yes. And is this the Mrs. Lee of Southboro', Virginia?

MRS. L. (*coldly*). Yes.

WAINWRIGHT. I have frequently heard my father speak of you.

MRS. L. Oh!

WAINWRIGHT. He has often told me that my mother, who died when I was a boy, knew you very well.

THE SENIOR

MRS. L. (*with pointed lack of interest*). Who could your mother have been?

WAINWRIGHT. My mother's maiden name was Letty Page.

(*Mrs. L.'s lorgnettes fall to ground.*)

ELEANOR. Letty Page!

WAINWRIGHT. Allow me!

(*Picks up lorgnettes and politely returns them to Mrs. L., who looks at WAINWRIGHT in a dazed sort of way. They converse. The fifes and drums start up off L. Great shouting without.*)

MEADE. All out for the pee-rade.

(*Exeunt MEADE, SPENCER, COLLINS and DUFFIELD, R.*)

MISS S. Mrs. Lee, wouldn't you like to come down on the lower terrace?

MRS. L. Yes. (*Rises; turns to WAINWRIGHT.*) What is your given name?

WAINWRIGHT. Gordon.

MRS. L. Well, come to see me to-night, Gordon.

WAINWRIGHT. Thank you. (*Exeunt Mrs. L., Miss J., and Miss S., L. WAINWRIGHT to ELEANOR.*) Fifteen minutes ago I asked you to marry me.

ELEANOR. A quarter of an hour ago—I decided I wanted to.

WAINWRIGHT. Thunder, what a lot of time we've wasted.

(*Takes her in his arms. Music without. Great chorus of voices singing the Lakeville song, as the procession passes by without.*)

CURTAIN

